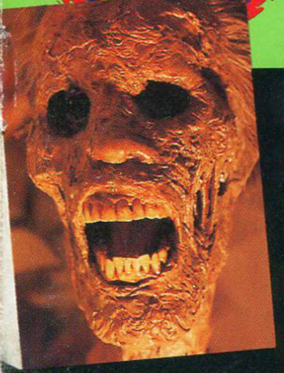
WIN Jason's hockey mask! *See pg.17*

Gorezone™

Movies with Guts!

No. 2
JULY
K46478
$3.50 U.S.
$4.50 CANADA

From the creators of FANGORIA



Behind the scenes! The making of POLTERGEIST III

FRIDAY THE 13TH VII: **Exclusive!** The NEW Jason speaks

Assault of CRITTERS 2
Still cute, still deadly

FACELESS and SLUGS
As gross as it gets!

Reviews: DEMONS 2, PRISON, LADY IN WHITE, THE UNHOLY

What lives in THE NEST?
Roaches with teeth!

Chas. Balun sings the splatter blues

Video news, gruesome previews & HORROR FICTION

BONUS! FOUR GIANT BLOODY POSTERS!

ALL NEW BLOOD & GUTS

Gorezone

Gruesome 1st Issue!!!

From the creators of FANGORIA

Plus: Movie Previews, reviews & VIDEO WATCHDOG

EXCLUSIVE! Freddy directs a movie!

How to be a Makeup FX Artist By JOHN CAGLIONE & DOUG DREXLER

NEW Horror Fiction By J.N.WILLIAMSON

FOUND! Censored splatter scenes from THE FLY & NIGHTMARE 3

CHAS. BAL

BONUS! FOUR GIANT BLOODY POSTERS!

GUARANTEED TO MAKE YOUR TEETH CHATTER AND YOUR FLESH CRAWL!

Gorezone

DO YOU DARE ENTER THE GOREZONE?

FANGORIA presents GOREZONE, a brand new (still warm!) publication devoted to horror films and TV, packed with interviews and articles on Freddy, Jason, Leatherface and all your other favorites!

But that's not all! Each issue of GOREZONE also holds four giant, fold-out posters, each measuring a horrifying 16 x 22 inches! Plus, the very best in horror fiction!

GOREZONE is lavishly illustrated with dozens of yummy (and yucky!) photos!

A WORLD OF ABSOLUTE TERROR!

CLIP OR COPY

O'QUINN STUDIOS, INC.
475 PARK AVENUE SOUTH
NEW YORK, NY 10016

SEND CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER!

GOREZONE Subscription

Please send me GOREZONE for one year (that's six issues!) I have enclosed $15.99 (FOREIGN: $20.99).

NAME: ____________________

ADDRESS: ____________________

CITY: ____________________

STATE: __________ **ZIP:** __________

If you do not want to cut out coupon, we will accept written orders. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for your subscription to start.

SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

Editor
ANTHONY TIMPONE
Managing Editor
J. PETER ORR
Art Director
MAGGIE HOLLANDS
Associate Art Director
JIM McLERNON
Fiction Editor
J.N. WILLIAMSON
Contributing Editors
DAVID McDONNELL
DAVID HUTCHISON
EDDIE BERGANZA
DANIEL DICKHOLTZ
Columnists
CHAS. BALUN
JOHN CAGLIONE
DOUG DREXLER
TIM LUCAS
Contributing Writers
DOUG BROD
TIM FERRANTE
MICHAEL GINGOLD
MARC SHAPIRO
D.W. TAYLOR
MICHAEL WELDON
JOHN WOOLEY
Art Staff
CALVIN LEE
MARK DEMAIO
JOSEPH VEGA
HOWARD NISBETH
CAROLYN JOSEPHS
Additonal Art
ROBERT S. BROWN
BLANE ROBINSON

Publishers
NORMAN JACOBS
KERRY O'QUINN
Associate Publisher
RITA EISENSTEIN
Assistant Publisher
MILBURN SMITH
Circulation Director
ART SCHULKIN
Creative Director
W.R. MOHALLEY
Financial Director
JOAN BAETZ
Marketing Director
FRANK M. ROSNER

Production Assistants:
Steve Jacobs, Paul Hallasy, Maria Damiani, Peter Hernandez, Paul Cucinella, Natalie Pinniks, James Iannazzo.

For Advertising Information:
(212) 689-2830
Advertising Director: Rita Eisenstein
Classified Ads Manager: Connie Bartlett
West Coast Ad Sales: Reynolds & Associates,
Jim Reynolds (213) 649-6287
East Coast Ad Sales: Karaban/Labiner Associates, Inc., Marvin Labiner (212) 840-0660

Business & Editorial Offices
O'Quinn Studios, Inc.
475 Park Avenue South
New York, NY 10016

GOREZONE

July 1988 GOREZONE #2

VISCERA

4 **BLOOD FEST**
New & improved

6 **GUT REACTIONS**
GOREZONE needs letters!

8 **PROFILE: MICK GARRIS**
A former Fango writer directs "Critters 2." We knew him before Spielberg did.

12 **REVIEW: "PRISON"**
It's true: Empire can make a good movie.

14 **VIDEO WATCHDOG**
Titles of the Blind Dead

17 **CONTEST: WIN JASON'S MASK**
Our first giveaway—and maybe our greatest!

18 **PREVIEW: "FRIDAY THE 13TH, PART VII"**
Kane Hodder stars as Jason in the latest slayathon.

22 **HORRORSCOPE**
Eyeballing two new releases, "Faceless" and "Slugs"

24 **REVIEW: "THE UNHOLY"**
A nasty demon puts a damper on the Easter season.

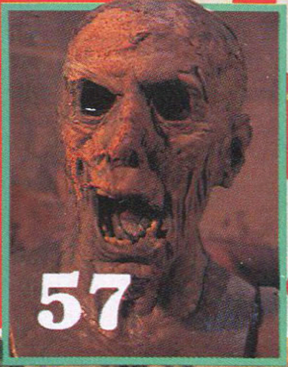
26 **REVIEW: "LADY IN WHITE"**
Cripes! A ghost movie without severed arms!

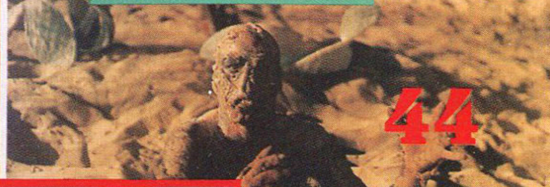
27 **POSTER SECTION**
Jason, "Critters 2," Bub from "Day of the Dead" and "Werewolf"

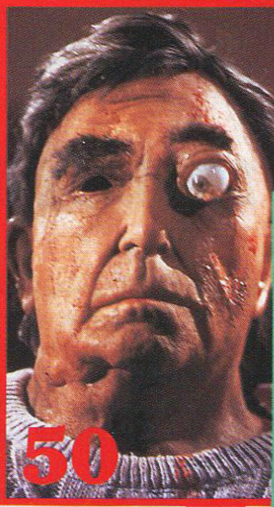
44 **PIECE O' MIND**
Guilty pleasures from Chas. Balun

48 **REVIEW: "DEMONS 2"**
What a retread

50 **PREVIEW: "THE NEST"**
Director Terence Winkless on his bloody bug movie







52 **FICTION**
Take a "Ghost Flight," courtesy of D.W. Taylor.

57 **CAGLIONE & DREXLER'S MAKEUP FX LAB**
The inside story on "Poltergeist III"

62 **CLASSIFIED MASSACRE**

GOREZONE is published six times a year, in Jan., Mar., May, July, Sept. & Nov. by O'Quinn Studios, Inc., 475 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016. This is issue #2, Volume 1, (ISSN 0896-8802). Entire contents is copyright © 1988 by O'Quinn Studios, Inc. All rights reserved. Reprint or reproduction of any material in part or in whole without the publishers' written permission is strictly forbidden. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. Subscription rates: $15.99 for one year (6 issues) delivered in the U.S. and Canada. Foreign subscriptions: $20.99 in U.S. funds only. **New subscriptions:** send directly to GOREZONE, 475 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016. GOREZONE accepts no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, photos, art, or other materials, but if free-lance submittals are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope, they will be considered and, if necessary, returned. Printed in the U.S.A. GOREZONE is a trademark of O'Quinn Studios, Inc.

BLOOD FEST

Photo: Lynn Mcafee

If it means anything to you, the editor hated *Return of the Living Dead, Part II.*

"What makes you the expert?"

I'm kinda overwhelmed by the flood of GOREZONE reader poll responses from our first issue. In just 10 days since our official on-sale date, we've been swamped with over 100 replies. And they keep comin'. If you haven't sent yours in yet, please do so. We're still tabulating the results, so make your opinions felt. We read them *all*. Every one. Really.

A preliminary perusal reveals that our two movie reviews (*Near Dark* and *Anguish*) seem to have struck a chord with readers the first time out. For this issue, we're running even more. In the past, our sister magazine FANGORIA has been occasionally accused (unjustly so, I might add) of being a flack for the studios, publicizing films not worth the effort or page space. "How could you do an article on *Sexy Sorority Sister Slashers*, when it sucked lepers' toes?" they complain. These sorry readers fail to realize that we rarely see a film before we go to press on it. Our lead time—three months—means that we often don't catch the movies until the magazine's already printed. For example, as I'm writing this (3/11), no one on our staff has seen *Critters 2*, so we can't tell you anything about the movie's artistic or splatterific quality. Then why is GOREZONE reviewing horror movies?

I like movie reviews, that's why, and I love comparing my opinions with others. Our reviews will be very selective and timely; it doesn't make sense to tackle *The Serpent and the Rainbow* 'cause our review wouldn't appear till four months after its release date. Instead, we'd rather go after independents like *Prison*, *Lady in White* and *Demons 2* because they won't open nationally in 1,000 theaters coast to coast. Even though *Prison* came and went in New York City rather quickly, the majority of the country will still be waiting for it by the time our review appears. Also, the most ambitious and innovative stuff being done today is still coming from the independents. Just compare *Brain Damage* to *Jaws: The Revenge* and you'll see what I mean.

Reviews can be a double-edged sword. Sure, we'd like to steer you away from the losers, but at the same time it's important for you to discover new movies for yourself. Use the GOREZONE reviews as an information tool, or better yet, consult the review after you've seen the movie. Obviously, if one or more critics or friends don't like a flick, that doesn't mean that you won't enjoy it. If you disagree with one of our reviews, let us know *why*.

Mainstream film reviewers, especially the boobs on TV, show contemptible disdain for the genre. We need a major publication to review the genre intelligently and without bias. Our reviews won't please each Gorezonian; that's impossible. We just hope to fill a void and give horror movies the critical respect they deserve.

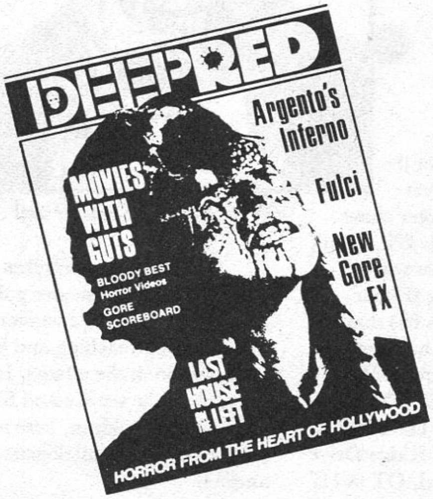
—Anthony Timpone
Editor

FANTACO ENTERPRISES PRESENTS

SPLATTER HEAVEN

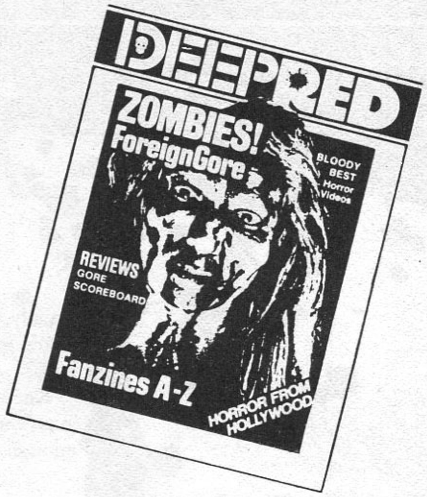
IF YOU DON'T HAVE THESE BOOKS.....THEN YOU MUST ALREADY BE DEAD!

COME WALLOW WITH US....DEEP....DEEPER STILL....INTO THE RED AND BEYOND!


DEEP RED
Argento's Inferno
Fulci
New Gore FX
MOVIES WITH GUTS
BLOODY BEST Horror Videos
GORE SCOREBOARD
LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT
HORROR FROM THE HEART OF HOLLYWOOD

RED ALERT!

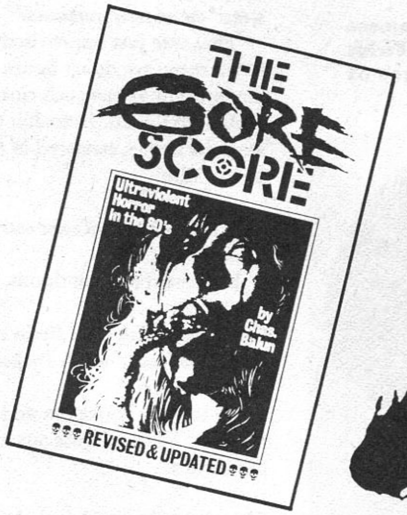
"I have seen the future of horror and its name is... DEEP RED."

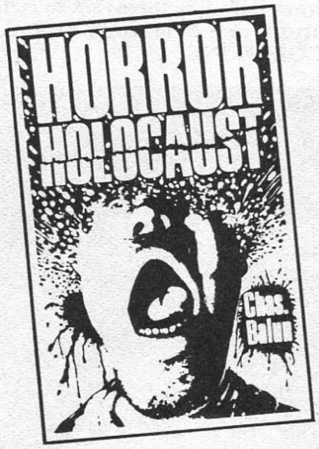

DEEP RED
ZOMBIES! ForeignGore
BLOODY BEST Horror Videos
REVIEWS
GORE SCOREBOARD
Fanzines A-Z
HORROR FROM HOLLYWOOD

VOLUME 1. Quarterly journal of horror film commentary; interviews with David A. Hess (LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT), James Karen and Tom Fox (RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD), and new FX artist Steve Patino (FROM BEYOND, PREDATOR, MONSTER SQUAD) with photo tour of his studio and featuring his extensive FX prop collection, features on Lucio Fulci, Argento's INFERNO, TEXAS CHAINSAW; Movies with Guts; Horror Hotline; Gore Scoreboard more!

VOLUME 2. Exclusive interview with Mark (FROM BEYOND, EVIL DEAD 2, NIGHTMARE ON ELM 2-3) Shostrom and photo tour of his FX studio; celebrity guest writer Gunnar (Leatherface) Hansen's "Post Chainsaw Dating Etiquette"; lunch with Forrest J. Ackerman.

SPECIAL ZOMBIE ISSUE also includes Foreign and Domestic dead; obscure European Gore Films; complete horror fanzine list (U.S. and foreign); interview with Jeffrey (RE-ANIMATOR, FROM BEYOND) Combs; L.A. Monster Makers Annual Halloween Makeup Contest. I could go on and on...


THE GORE SCORE
Ultraviolent Horror in the 80's
by Chas. Balun
REVISED & UPDATED


HORROR HOLOCAUST
Chas. Balun

ZOMBIES • MUTANTS • BRAIN EATERS CANNIBAL CARNAGE

"Top contender for 'must-have' splatter book of the year! We'll give 'em an A+!"
FILMFAX MAGAZINE

Reviews over 300 recent splatter epics with a unique dual-rating system...

"This little masterpiece...is hilarious. The man is a genius...every review is witty and some are downright hysterical. Balun tells it like it is. You gotta like this guy."
FANGORIA MAGAZINE

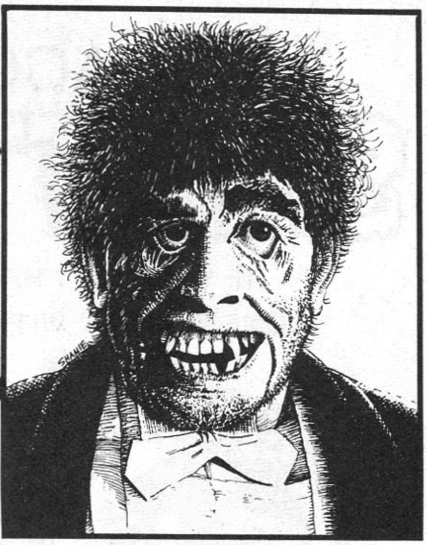
STARLOG PRESS·475 Park Avenue South·New York, NY 10016

Please send me:
__copies of HORROR HOLOCAUST @ **$9.95**
__copies of THE GORE SCORE @ **$6.95**
__copies of DEEP RED, Vol. 1 @ **$4.95**
__copies of DEEP RED, Vol. 2 @ **$4.95**

Name ______________________________
Address ______________________________
City ________________ State _____ Zip _____

ADD $2.50 POSTAGE PER ORDER (FOREIGN: ADD 5.00)

GUT reactions



Art: Al Shamie

Wanted: More reader art!

Look! Our First Letter!

. . . Instead of the basic news, reviews, and interviews most magazines offer, let GOREZONE focus more on the "technique" of gore—for example, FX you can do at home, or how to write a movie script. Readers are more intelligent and demand more on the technical side rather than just all pictures. Your idea of having fiction should work rather well; reading induces creativity, and if we have this, there will be less movies like *The Hills Have Eyes 2*, *Howling II*, etc. Finally, how about an original character with his/her own comic strip?

Keep it coming, because we gorehounds simply can't get enough.

Louis M. Kiss
Fine Arts Major
Slippery Rock, PA

Look! Our First Complaint!

. . . Hey, 99.9 percent of the reason I subscribed to GOREZONE was to see the "censored splatter scenes from *The Fly* and *Nightmare 3*." They were promised (or at least mentioned) on the cover of the magazine in your advertisements. Will you ever show them? Also, in Fango #72, Frank Henenlotter said there was a scene in *Brain Damage* (Elmer coming out of Brian's fly) that he could not even show in Fango, let alone on the silver screen. Well, how about in GOREZONE?

Dave Melito
30 West Ridge Drive
West Hartford, CT 06117

We would love to run censored splatter scenes from any major film. Unfortunately, that's easier said than done. We are currently working on the Brain Damage *shots you mentioned, but we can't promise anything; they don't call them "censored scenes" for nothing, you know. As for* The Fly *and* Nightmare 3, *see our answers to the readers poll questions.*

We won't be reviewing heavy metal records, but expect cameos from folks like these (left to right: Ozzy Osbourne, Tony Fields and Gene Simmons of *Trick or Treat*) in the pages of GOREZONE.

Photo: Lormiar Home Video

Know Your Writes

Our first issue's reader poll gave each answerer a chance to toss one deep-reaching and heartfelt question at the editors. In the spirit of public service and filling up the letters column, here are some of the more intelligent examples.

Why was the GOREZONE cover slightly different from the one that appeared in the ads?

We originally had our art director slap together a cover just for advertising purposes, but then we fell in love with it and wound up using it after all. A few alterations were made.

What happened to the "censored splatter scenes" the ad cover mentioned?

That was just improvised cover copy; we didn't figure anyone would pay such close attention to the ad. Actually, there were no scenes censored in either horror film.

Why not try a painted cover once in a while?

Because they look dumb.

Could you publish Clive Barker's "The Hellbound Heart," which I'm having a hard time finding?

Go to your bookstore and look for *Night Visions 3*, just out in paperback.

How do you find work in the horror filmmaking field?

There's no route that's sure to get you employed, but we can tell for sure one way that doesn't work: calling us up and asking for Sam Raimi or Robert Englund's phone number. And we can't set you up with Heather Langenkamp or Kristy Swanson, either.

What college do you suggest?

Tony Timpone does not feel qualified to answer that. Peter Orr will only say, "Don't go to Saint John's University." Everybody else is at lunch.

Where are the heavy metal reviews?

In *Creem* and *Faces*, where they belong. Contrary to popular belief, our readership does *not* have any clear consensus as to what type of music they listen to. For every one of you Ozzy heads out there, there's someone else who likes Goblin or the Foetus All Nude Review. If we cover music, it will be soundtrack music, which is relevant to our subject matter.

One of the reasons for this misunderstanding was a subscription card included in Fango #72, which was written by someone in our advertising department. At that point, the shape of GOREZONE was still a tad vague, so let's clear up some of the mistaken statements the card made—we have *no* current plans to publish new fiction by Stephen King, Clive Barker or H.P. Lovecraft (who hasn't been writing prolifically since his death over 50 years ago), and any articles dealing with music stars will concern their performances in horror films.

Did you guys have violent childhoods?

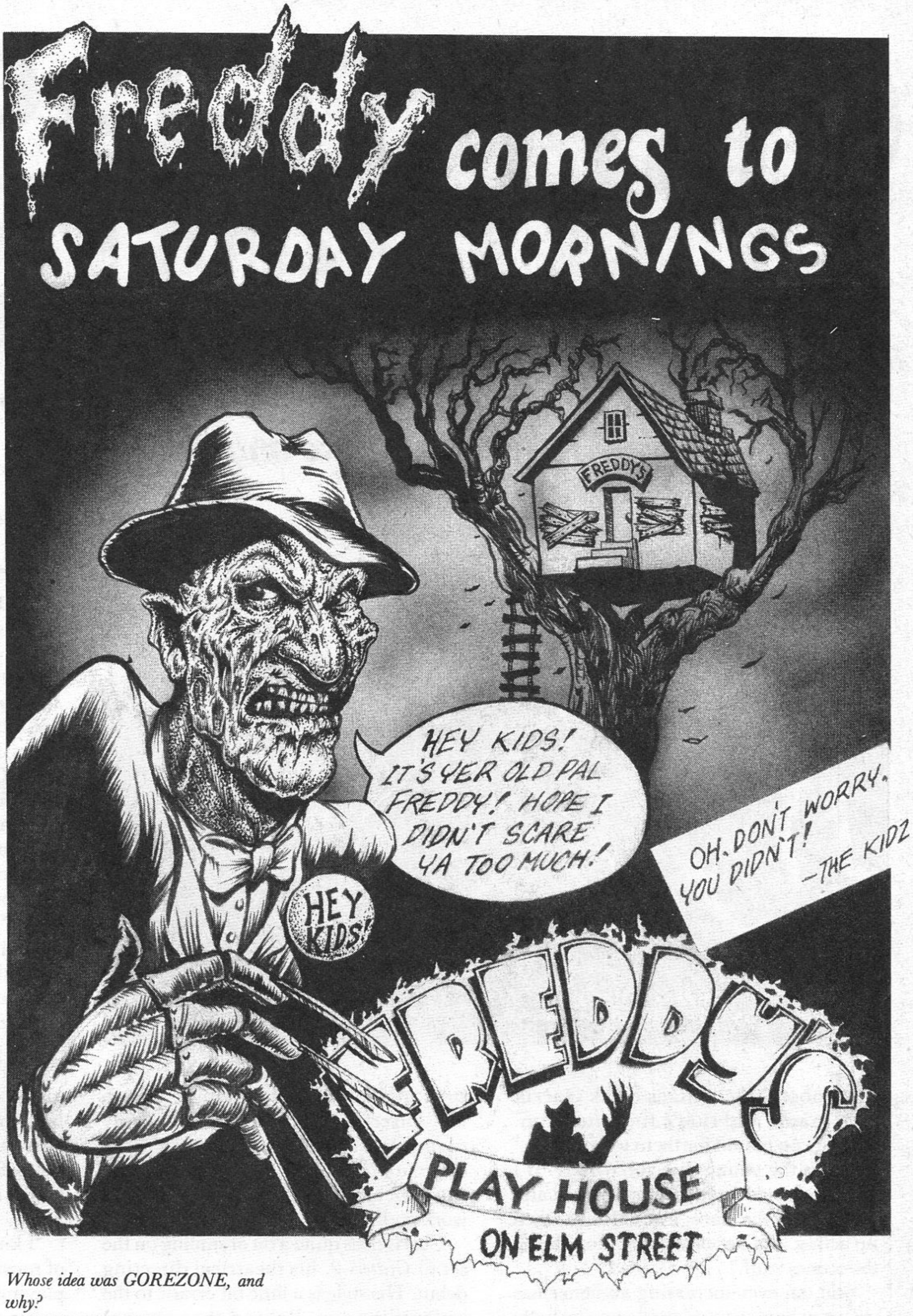
No, not at all. Well, a little, but not really. Except sometimes.

Will GOREZONE go monthly?

Who can say? At the moment, not even Fango is monthly. If the audience demand grew large and loud enough, GOREZONE could become weekly.

Why were the posters in the magazine?

Because if they were on the outside, you wouldn't be able to see the cover.


Freddy comes to SATURDAY MORNINGS
FREDDY'S
HEY KIDS! IT'S YER OLD PAL FREDDY! HOPE I DIDN'T SCARE YA TOO MUCH!
HEY KIDS!
OH, DON'T WORRY. YOU DIDN'T! —THE KIDZ
FREDDY'S PLAY HOUSE ON ELM STREET

Cartoon: Corey Barba & John Ramirez

What age group is GOREZONE geared to?

Experience at Fango over the past few years has taught us not to think of the readers as all fitting into one demographic bracket or another. Hence, GOREZONE will be aimed at fans of graphic splatter, rather than at teenagers or college students or whatever.

What do your moms think of this?

They love it. Every one of our parents saw *Dawn of the Dead* at least six times.

Whose idea was GOREZONE, and why?

GOREZONE was our publishers' idea, because they wanted to make money. This is the "why" behind any magazine you can think of, by the way, from *National Geographic* to *Nude Smurfs Monthly*.

Where can I get a hockey mask like Jason's—no, no, just kidding.

Good. Ha, ha.

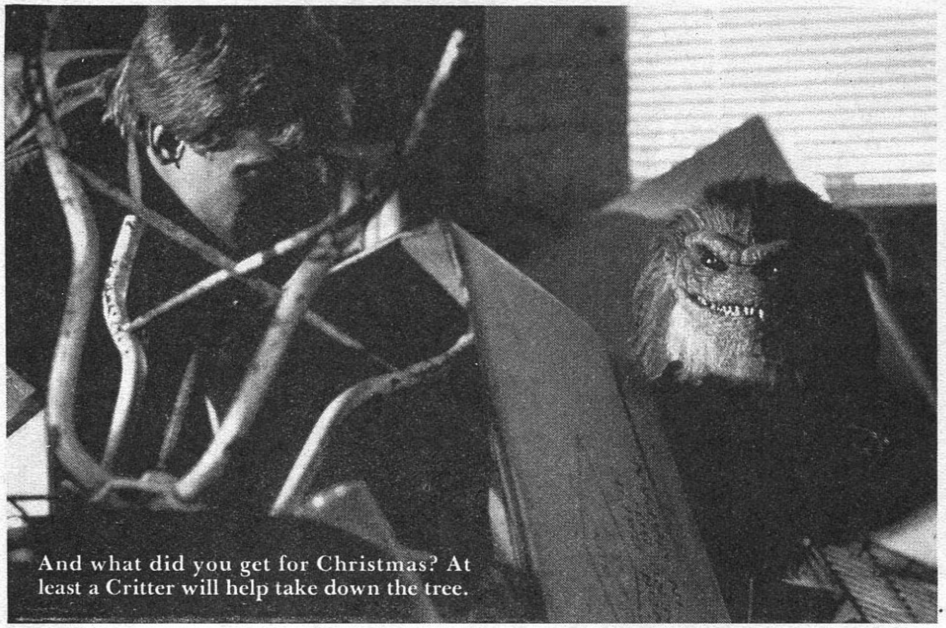
Well, that clears that up. In the future, this space will showcase your arrogant letters of opinion, boldly stated and elegantly phrased, as well as your cartoons. Send the stuff to GOREZONE Gut Reactions, 475 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016. Include a self-addressed stamped envelope if you want something returned. And *don't* ask us for anyone's address, phone number, autograph, underwear, etc. There just isn't time for us to handle personal requests.

TO REMOVE THE POSTERS:
Open the magazine to the center and unbend the staples; pry them up with a screwdriver to avoid punctured, bleeding fingers. After opening all three staples, pull the posters out carefully, then bend the staples back to their original position in order to keep the rest of this wonderful magazine in good working order.

CRITTERS 2: THE AMAZING STORY OF MICK GARRIS

"It's too easy to screw up a horror movie. I don't want to make any mistakes."

By MARC SHAPIRO



And what did you get for Christmas? At least a Critter will help take down the tree.

Nobody recognizes Mick Garris' name and that's fine with him. "There's no reason for them to know me," explains the young director/writer. "If I was interested in having my name and face all over the place, I would have taken up acting. I'm happier doing the behind-the-scenes stuff."

Still, an ever-increasing audience has grown to appreciate Garris' growing body of work in the fantasy, science fiction and horror arena: directing and writing for the late *Amazing Stories* TV series, editing and directing promo films for a number of big-budget horror efforts, and his current stint on *Critters 2*. Garris has developed a highly personal approach to writing and directing in the fantasy world.

"I love the idea of working with emotions and with people," reflects Garris. 'Helping people share in the feelings of a story and its characters is important to me. Directing can be an unbelievably tremendous source of grief, but when it all comes together and works on the screen, I can look back on even the hardest day's work and smile."

Garris does quite a bit of smiling on the set of *Critters 2*, his theatrical directing debut. His style is a little bit erratic to the unfamiliar eye. Behind the camera, monitoring a particularly pivotal scene, he will often resort to a jibe or a joking punchline to get his idea across. But far from a loose cannon, there is an undertone of firm intent seeping through even his most bizarre comment. People under Garris' direction usually get the point. He rarely has to repeat himself.

"It's not in me to be a storm trooper on the set," frowns Garris. "It serves no purpose to jump down people's throats. I can keep things light and still keep things moving."

Mick Garris was born in Santa Monica, California, in 1953. The Garris family moved around some and Mick found himself spending his formative years in Phoenix, Arizona, before returning to California and a higher education at San Diego State University. Garris began to develop an interest in writing, but his true love was rock 'n' roll. In 1971, he formed a band called Horsefeathers.

"Horsefeathers was a happening little band," beams Garris. "At one point, we were the major act in San Diego, but we knew that if we wanted to make it real big we would have to move up the coast to Los Angeles."

Horsefeathers made that move in 1976. Unfortunately, Garris and the rest of the group quickly discovered that being the hottest band in San Diego only makes you "just another band" in Los Angeles. Horsefeathers broke up in 1977, leaving Garris high, dry and struggling to make a living.

"I knew at that point that I wanted out of music," Garris shakes his head. "I was playing around with some early screenwriting efforts. I began freelancing for FANGORIA, STARLOG and *Cinefantastique*, but I was not really interested in being a journalist."

Garris made his first filmmaking noise in '77 when he landed a $150-a-week receptionist job with the *Star Wars* Corporation. His duties in those precorporate days were as divergent as writing press releases and operating R2-D2 at the Academy Awards show.

Critters 2 director Mick Garris makes no bones about it — this time, the pint-sized furballs mean business.

Critters 2 Photos: Kelvin Jones/Copyright 1988 New Line

"Mogwai, my eye!" giggles a cheerful little Chiodo brothers creation.

Mick Garris (right) looks on as his cast prepares for a Critters onslaught.

Garris, however, sensed the steady encroachment of the briefcase crowd and left *Star Wars* to starve while he pursued his screenwriting interests. He cracked the screenwriting nut shortly after leaving *Star Wars* . . . sort of.

"I got this call from a producer who wanted me to write a screenplay for a film based on a book," he grins. "The only problem was I found out later that the book had never been optioned, so the film was never made. I got paid $1,000 for the script, which was nice because at that point I was scratching just to survive. But more importantly, I discovered that I could start and complete a screenplay, which has got to be the most liberating feeling in the world."

Garris took that feeling along with a true fan's attitude toward fantasy and horror films and turned them into an eclectic bit of television called *The Fantasy Film Festival*. The show, hosted by Garris on the LA cable outfit known as The Z Channel, combined genre films with interviews with fantasy and science-fiction filmmakers.

"John Landis was on the show," he lists. "So was Steven Spielberg and Joe Dante. You know how it is when you're doing a local cable show — it's hard to get the big names, so you settle for whomever's available."

The Fantasy Film Festival ran until 1979 and gave Garris high visibility in the film community, so much so that Avco Embassy practically beat down his door to hire him as "genre media specialist" for the films *The Fog*, *The Howling*, *Scanners* and *Escape From New York*. He followed this with a brief stint at a private PR firm doing publicity for *Halloween II*, before joining Universal to pioneer new genre marketing strategies on behalf of such films as *The Thing* and *Cat People*.

"I did 'Making of' documentaries for films like *Videodrome* and *The Thing*," he reveals. "I would interview people connected with the film and splice in clips from the movie. I instituted convention presentations and would set up regionally selected screenings. Unfortunately, most of those pictures bombed. When they stopped making genre films, I was let go."

During his tenure at Universal, Garris touched base with old *Fantasy Film Festival* guests John Landis (whom he helped put together a collection of film trailers for a feature called *Coming Soon*) and Steven Spielberg (some publicity work on *E.T.*). The latter contact proved particularly lucky for Garris.

"After the Universal job, I decided I didn't want to do any more publicity work," says Garris. "So I concentrated on screenwriting, got an agent and went on food stamps for a couple of months. One day, I got a call from Steven Spielberg, asking me to do a 'Making of' promo film for *Goonies*. So I went to where they were filming and, while waiting for a camera setup, I got to talking with Steven. He

Don't let tiny space beings play in traffic.

"CRITTERS 2 was a great script, something that I would buy a ticket to."

said, 'You must do a lot of these,' and I replied that I was doing fewer and fewer because I was trying to make it as a writer. He told me he was looking for writers for his new show, *Amazing Stories*. I took the hint."

Garris had his agent submit his screenplay "Uncle Willie," a comedy drama set in Southern California in the '50s, to Spielberg. Mr. Box Office never saw the script, but one of his readers praised it to the stars. The result was that Spielberg assigned Garris an *Amazing Stories* outline to flesh out into script form. Garris turned in the finished script, "The Main Attraction," in three days. Impressed, Spielberg threw another bone his way. When Garris responded in kind, Spielberg invited him aboard as story editor.

Garris wrote or co-wrote 10 of the first 22 *Amazing Stories* episodes. But he maintains that a major plus during his stay on the show was being able to further his education in the rarefied atmosphere of the University of Spielberg.

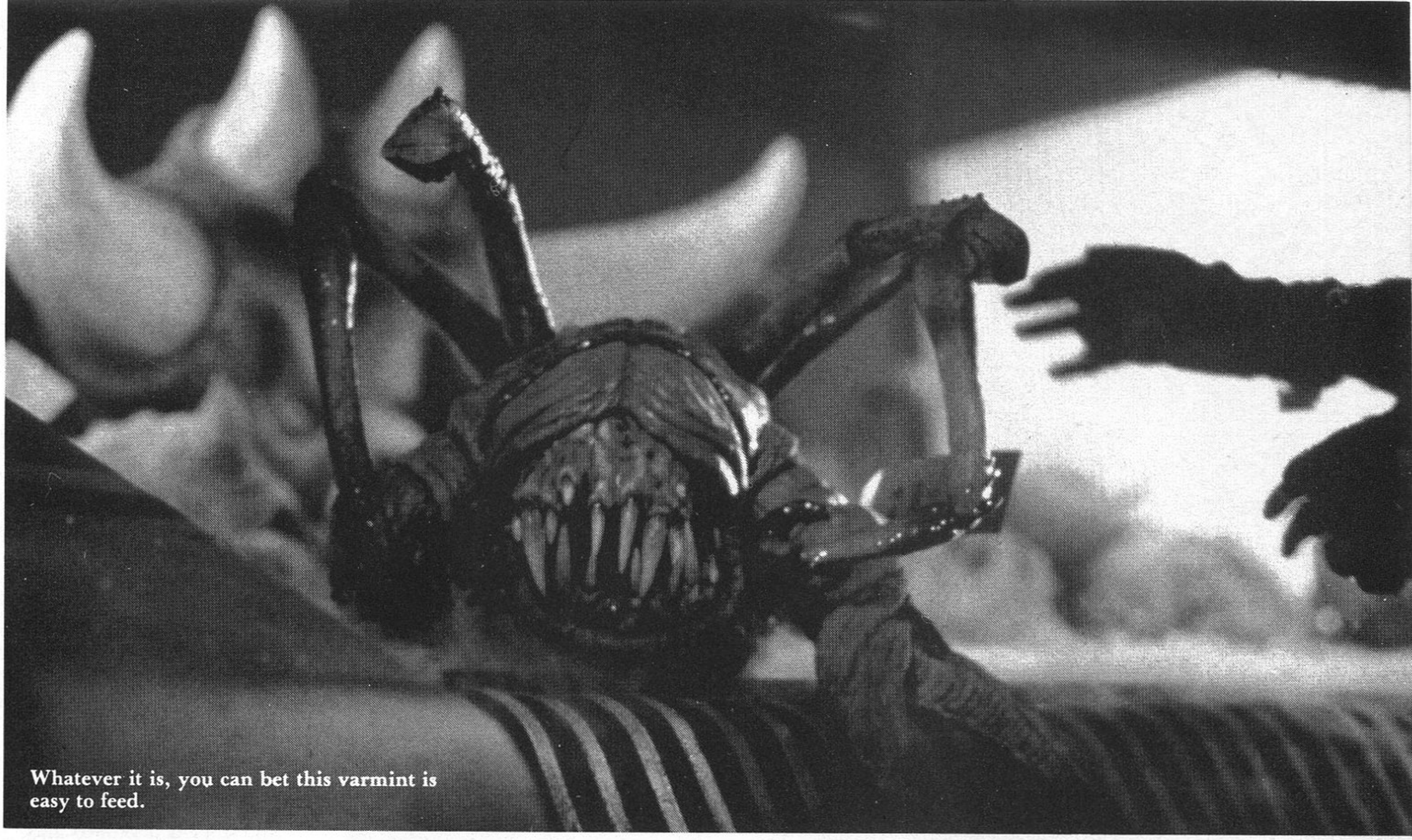
"I learned quite a lot by just hanging around and watching people at work," he marvels. "It's not many people who get a front-row seat to watch their work directed by Steven Spielberg, Martin Scorsese and Joe Dante. Nobody was having the kind of luck I was having. I felt if I left that show and screwed up, it definitely wouldn't be the fault of the school."

Garris was relieved of story editor duties during the series' second season, but he continued to be a contributing factor, writing three scripts and making his directorial debut with the episode "Life on Death Row."

Following his stint at *Amazing Stories*, Garris found himself in a very strange position. "I knew the vibe was going to be different just before I left *Amazing Stories*," he remembers. "Steven had asked me to write a script for *Gremlins 2*. Then a friend of mine, who suddenly could not stand the idea that I was making a living doing this, planted a bug in somebody's ear close to Steven that I was no good.

"But it was a double-edged sword," continues Garris. "Once you've been hired by Spielberg, people who would never have read your stuff are suddenly calling you to write things without even seeing a sample of your work."

In that capacity, Garris wrote a screenplay called *Black Sheep* for Eddie Murphy. It was never made. He did a script for a genie horror film called *Bloodstone* that went nowhere. On the plus side, Garris hooked up with good buddy John Landis, who gave him the direct-



Whatever it is, you can bet this varmint is easy to feed.

ing/writing/production chores on the *Disney Sunday Movie* segment "Fuzzball." "I was being sent tons of rewrites," he grimaces. "I was able to make a living, but I was caught in development hell. It was very frustrating."

Part of Garris' sentence consisted of an eight-month (and three-rewrite) tour of duty on *The Fly 2*. Garris, who claims he left the project because delays were preventing him from taking other offers, was quite happy with his third draft of the script and remains hopeful that much of it will make it to the screen.

"The only thing I'm free to tell you about my version of *The Fly 2* is that Veronica [the Geena Davis character] dies while giving birth 10 minutes into the movie," he teases.

While Garris still maintained close ties with Amblin, his dealings with Spielberg and company became an emotional rollercoaster ride for Garris. "I received story credit for *Batteries Not Included*, but the big carrot for me had been the strong possibility of Steven's letting me direct a big-budget version of *Uncle Willie*. Unfortunately, Steven began to realize he was spreading himself too thin and cancelled a number of projects, including *Uncle Willie*. I understand why he had to do it, but I was disappointed."

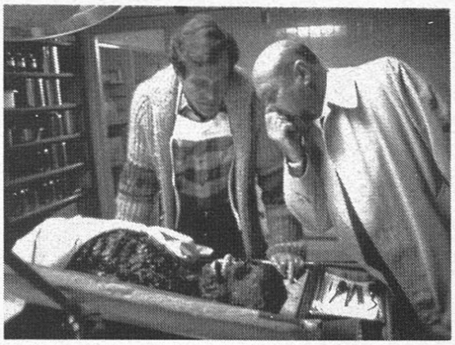
Garris continued to be deluged with scripts and some directing offers, but the only thing that rang his chimes was *Critters 2*. "It was a great script, something that I would buy a ticket to see," he enthuses. "At first I was hesitant about doing it, but the idea of directing a low-budget horror film that would be released in 1,200 theaters across the country appealed to me."

This man is having a good time on his first major directing job; you can sense that when he describes his *Critters 2* assignment as "telling rubber and fur what to do." But don't for one minute think he isn't taking this seriously. "I'm concerned about whether this will be frightening enough and that there isn't so much comedy that the scares don't come through," he warns. "It's too easy to screw up a horror movie. I don't want to make any mistakes."

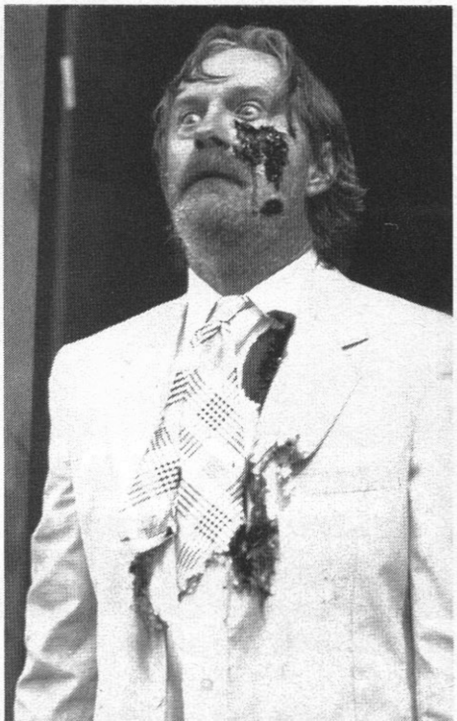
Garris drops the verbal worry lines when asked to sum up what many would consider a meteoric rise. He knows what images are heating up and beats the writer to the punch.

"Luck has everything to do with it," he smiles. "Being in the right place at the right time. But we all know that Hollywood is where dreams become reality. And I'm not in that big a hurry to wake up."

Serves this guy right for wearing such a dippy tie.



Donald Pleasence can't tell which was worse, this corpse or *Halloween II*. Either way, Garris' promo film was OK.



REVIEW

PRISON

By J. PETER ORR

Can you name a dozen scary movies that take place in jail? You would think there'd be lots of 'em, since some of the strongest images in cinema have come from the penitentiary. Heck, they cut the original ending off *Double Indemnity* just because viewers couldn't take seeing Fred MacMurray in the gas chamber. A natural setting for tales of the morbid, the macabre, the unsettling, eh?

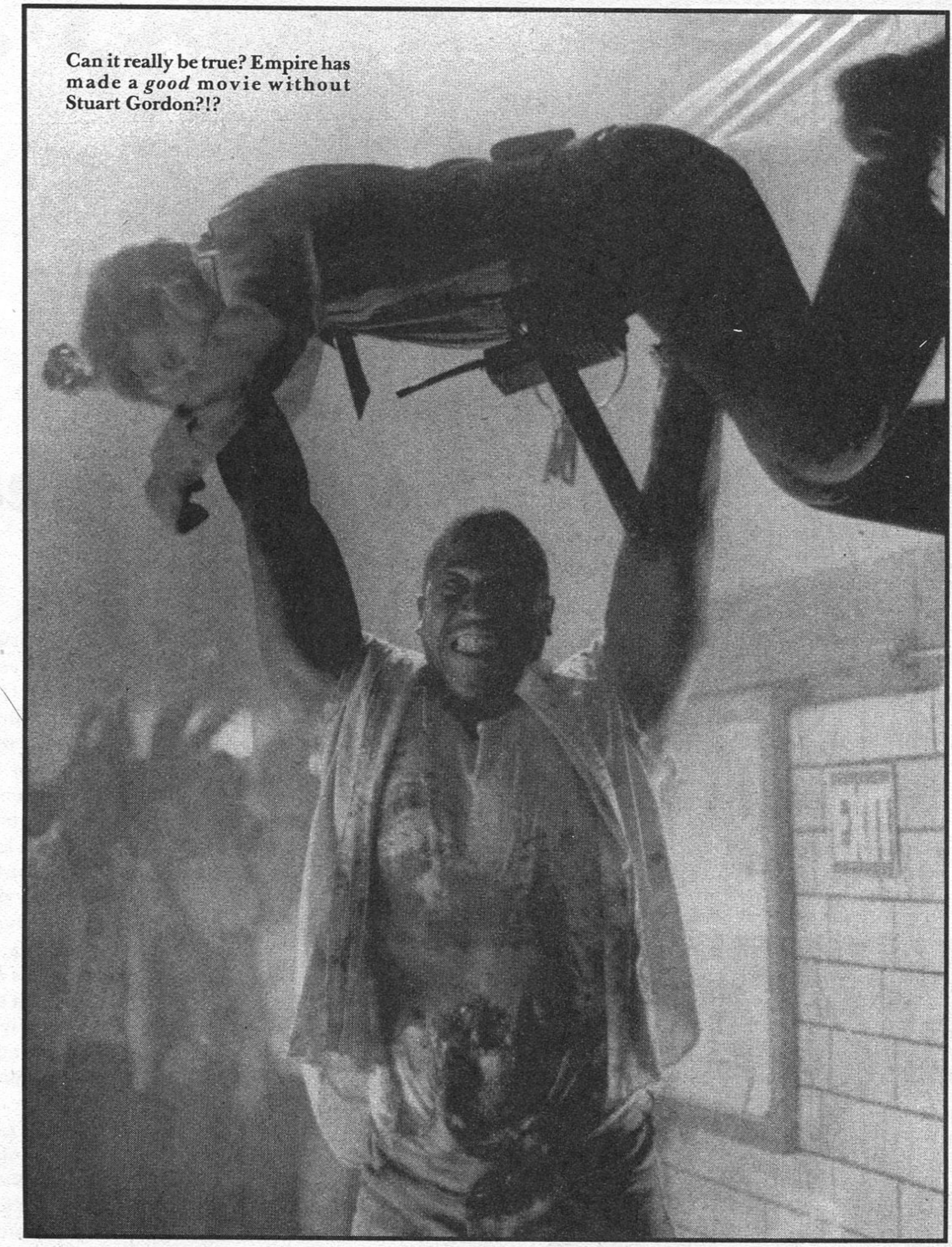
It took Irwin Yablans, producer of '70s slasher trendsetter *Halloween*, to realize this. The man approached it from the ground up: concocted his own story, personally guided the writing and direction of it, and turned in a winner. We need more guys like this, y'know? Rare indeed is the Hollywood product that entertains as consistently as *Prison*.

The story is nebulous and vague in the best possible way. An ancient prison in Wyoming must be reopened to relieve inmate congestion

“Rare indeed is the Hollywood product that can entertain as consistently . . .”

Prison Photos: Copyright 1987 Empire

Producer Irwin Yablans (in green cap) reminds victim Wallace (Hal Landon Jr.) that *Prison*'s his best picture since *Halloween*.



Can it really be true? Empire has made a *good* movie without Stuart Gordon?!?

elsewhere. The state penal board installs Ethan Sharpe (Lane Smith) as the new warden. His first task is to renovate the place, using an advance guard of inmates as slave laborers. Smith brilliantly portrays Sharpe as a Gestapo version of Jimmy Stewart. And soon it becomes apparent that Sharpe has something to hide, something to do with the history of this hoosegow and a prisoner who died in the electric chair down in the basement. Worse yet, it seems like said prisoner's spirit has been lying in wait for Sharpe's return.

The mood is everything in *Prison*. An air of confinement overtakes the film as soon as the buses roll into the yard to drop the work crew off at their new home. The look, sound and smell of penitentiary life hangs all over the place, probably due in no small measure to the cast (quite a few of whom are actual inmates) and the location (a real deserted prison in Wyoming).

Ironically, the film's greatest shortcoming is due to its failure to remain faithful to the prison genre. Anyone who's made the rounds at Rikers can tell you that men's prisons have a serious shortage in the women department, but that contradicts one of Hollywood's Great Commandments, to wit: Thou shalt have a woman in there somewhere, no matter what. That's how Raquel Welch got sent on a *Fantastic Voyage*, remember?

Unfortunately, there's just not a great deal of opportunity for a female in this plot, so they make Chelsea Field (as Katherine) into the crusading penologist. Probably the most ridiculous sight imaginable is this attractive woman having lunch with Warden Sharpe—in a cafeteria with 300 confined men who *don't even notice her*! Adequate actress though she may be, Field cannot help but deflate the claustrophobia whenever she appears, particularly when we're taken from Sharpe's all-night discipline session to her happy hotel room miles and miles away. The whole point of this flick, after all, is that we're trapped with this angry ghost, so who cares if Katherine's having trouble with her TV?

Thankfully, Warden Sharpe locks her out of the place for the real action, a contest of wills between Sharpe and everybody else. Here the vagaries of C. Courtney Joyner's script translate into the imprecision of a nightmare. What the hell does this wrongly executed ghost want? Who knows? All we can tell for sure is that he's ripping the hell out of the cell blocks, the guards and the prisoners. . . except for one car thief James Dean look-alike (Viggo Mortensen). We've got riot-level chaos in the halls, machine guns opening fire in the towers, and the quiet creepiness of Sharpe pairing off with Cresus (Lincoln Kilpatrick), one of those venerable old felons who tell charming reformatory stories. ("I was in Kansas City 10 years, and I never saw a Royals game.") Seems like the elderly Cresus knows something about Sharpe's secret, and Sharpe has a vested interest in silencing the jailbird.

The end is open, airy and mysterious. Finnish director Renny Harlin harks back to the "art horror" days of the early '70s. Remember when films tried to make you think while you shivered? Remember when movies didn't give you all the answers right out of hand? Best of all, remember when the last reel served as anything besides the setup for a goddamned sequel? Thankfully, Irwin Yablans seems to.

Video WATCHDOG

Spanish-Speaking Splatter

By TIM LUCAS

The *Daughters of Darkness* huddle close, hoping to ward off video desecrators.

Unlike the Video Watchdog column in our March issue, which documented the abortion performed on *The Conqueror Worm* by Orion Pictures, this installment is much more representative of the service the Watchdog intends to perform: a grab bag of grouses, a candy dish of *caveats* and a couple of signposts to satisfaction, all compiled with you—the discerning Gorezonian—in mind.

UNICORNUCOPIA:

Here's some great news for horror completists. Unicorn Video's Viva-Video label offers Spanish-language editions of many of their horror titles. What's so great about that, you ask? Well, in the case of Viva's original Spanish versions of Claudio Hill's masterpiece *A Bell from Hell* and Amando (*Blind Dead*) De Ossorio's *Night of the Sorcerers*, we're talking longer, more graphic versions. Sadly, Unicorn's English versions of these films were struck from TV prints and delete most of the sex and violence.

La Campana del Infierno (*Bell from Hell*) differs in four notable ways: 1) the opening credits are scoped; 2) there are some explicit shots from the slaughterhouse; 3) we are shown Renaud Varley's bleeding eyesockets when he "tears" out his "eyes"; and 4) Varley's seduction of his third cousin is longer, adding vital information that makes it seem less like rape. That's roughly two minutes of extra footage. Oddly enough, the Unicorn version contains brief rearview nudity not in the Viva tape.

La Noche de los Brujos (*Night of the Sorcerers*) features all of the gushing beheadings, sex scenes and incidental nudity obviously snipped from the domestic version. Space doesn't permit me to be more specific than that, but the Spanish version must be about six minutes longer.

Be cautioned, however, that spoken Spanish does not always insure a juicier film. Viva's Spanish editions of *Witches Mountain*, *The Murder Mansion* and Paul Naschy's *Fury of the Wolfman* are virtually identical to Unicorn's domestic counterparts. Viva also offers Spanish editions of Boris Karloff's final four Mexican films, but check those out yourselves, *por favor*!

RETITLINGS:

One of the greatest irritations for the horror video consumer is the issuing of familiar features under false names with deliberately vague packaging. Here the knife cuts both ways: Sometimes you can find a cheaper version of a more expensive title, but more often the consumer is tricked into renting a poor-quality edition of something he has already seen. The Watchdog will strive to keep *GOREZONE* readers abreast of the latest terror-tape traps.

Here's a few of the retitlings in question and their distributors, followed by the films' real titles and, where relevant, the distributors handling them under those titles: Academy's *Blood Evil* (*Demons of the Mind*—Thorn EMI) and *Terror in Toyland* (*Christmas Evil*, a.k.a. *You'd Better Watch*

Out—Saturn); Air's *Children of the Night* (*Daughters of Darkness*—Continental); MPI's *Devil in the House of Exorcism* (*House of Exorcism*), *Bay of Blood* (*Twitch of the Death Nerve*) and *Legacy of Horror* (Andy Milligan's *Legacy of Blood*); VCL's *Spirit of the Dead* (*The Asphyx*—Magnum); Unicorn's *Terror Beach* (*Night of the Seagulls*—Sony); and Video Gems' *Blood Couple* (*Ganja and Hess*).

You may have also noticed that Unicorn's *Beyond the Living Dead*, Wizard's *House of Terror* and World's *The Hanging Women* are all the same picture—namely, *Las Orgias de los Muertos* (1972). And it was directed by Jose Luis Merino, *not* "John Davidson," just in case the question pops up someday on *The New Hollywood Squares*.

The Video Watchdog intends to carry updates on this subject in every issue of GOREZONE, so feel free to submit titles and retitles that you discover on your own.

A PAIR GONE ON PARAGON:

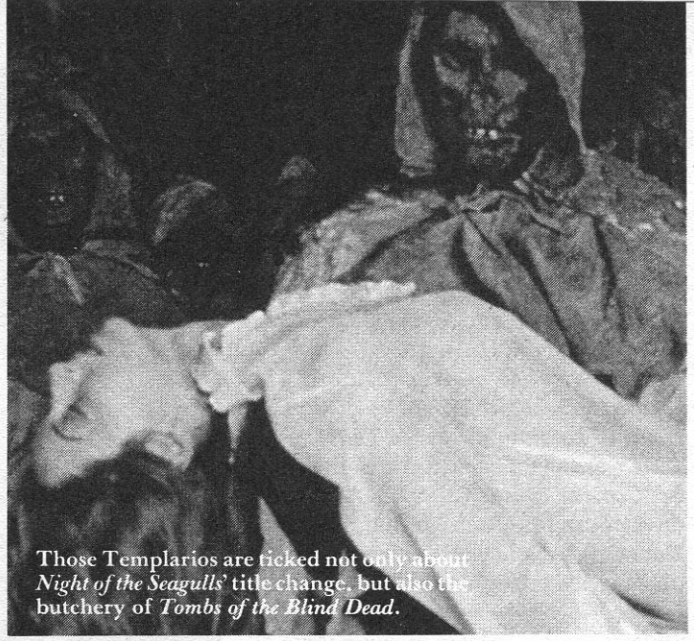
Did you know that two of Paragon's most important video releases, *Tombs of the Blind Dead* and *Blood on Satan's Claw*, are missing crucial footage?

Claw, of course, was originally issued here in a PG version omitting most of the film's nudity and the perverse details of its Black Masses. Naturally, that stuff is still missing. Paragon, however, accidentally deleted several minutes of footage from the film's latter half. When the Judge (Patrick Wymark) absconds with suspected witch Margaret (Michele Dotrice) to a barn, Paragon's tape suddenly shoots ahead to Ralph (Barry Andrews) returning home in agony. Missing is a scene in which the Judge has Margaret tied to a crossbeam for some teasing and questioning, from which the film cuts to Ralph (Barry Andrews) working in the fields, doubling over in pain, and rolling up his trouser leg to expose the Satan's skin. Neither scene is explicit or offensive, and both are important to the storyline. So what happened?

Tombs has the look of voluntary editing. Paragon's version ends with the Blind Dead boarding the train to civilization, followed by its arrival at the station, accompanied by a still frame of the screaming heroine. In the original film, the two scenes were bridged by some hair-raising footage of the Blind Dead hacking the train's passengers to pieces, including a child's mother, whose wounds bleed copiously over the kid's crying face! Director Amando De Ossorio may have gone too far with the scene, but isn't that what

If you think this surgery scene from *Blood on Satan's Claw* looks gruesome, wait till you see the editing job.

Not even these *Demons of the Mind* tactics seem to deter video retitlers.



Those Templarios are ticked not only about *Night of the Seagulls'* title change, but also the butchery of *Tombs of the Blind Dead*.

All Photos: Courtesy Bill George

Homey atmosphere, romantic lighting, sexy robes — these Blind Dead guys know how to treat a lady.

"Good God, look!" cries *The Asphyx* star Robert Stephens. "They've changed our title!"

horror films are all about? The footage was even shown *intact* on Elvira's syndicated show a couple of years ago.

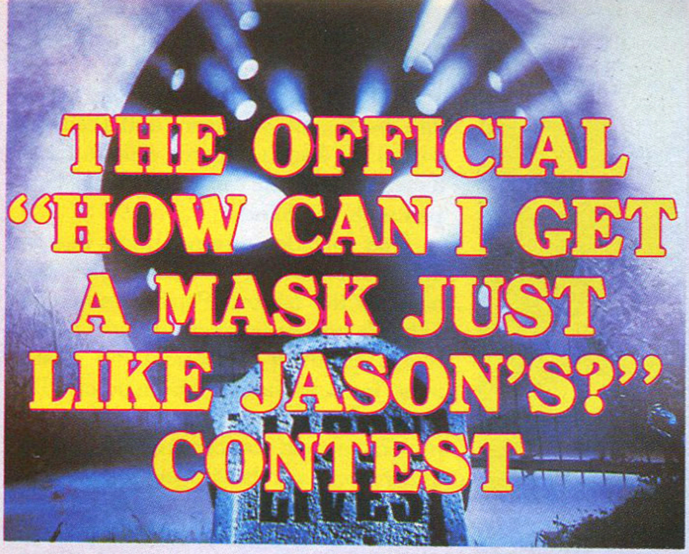
FREDA FREAKS, TAKE NOTE:

Those readers who have wondered, "When are more of Riccardo Freda's films coming to tape?" need look no further. Of course, the first Maestro of Italian horror has been thus far represented by Republic Video's *The Horrible Dr. Hichcock*. Its sequel, *The Ghost*, is available from the mail-order company Sinister Cinema. Unicorn Video has also jumped aboard the bandwagon by offering Freda's *Maciste in Hell* (better known here as *The Witch's Curse*), *Double Face* with Klaus Kinski (a 1968 *noir* mystery co-written with Lucio Fulci) and a delightful swashbuckler called *The Magnificent Adventurer*. Now, if only *someone* could dig up *The Devil's Commandment*!

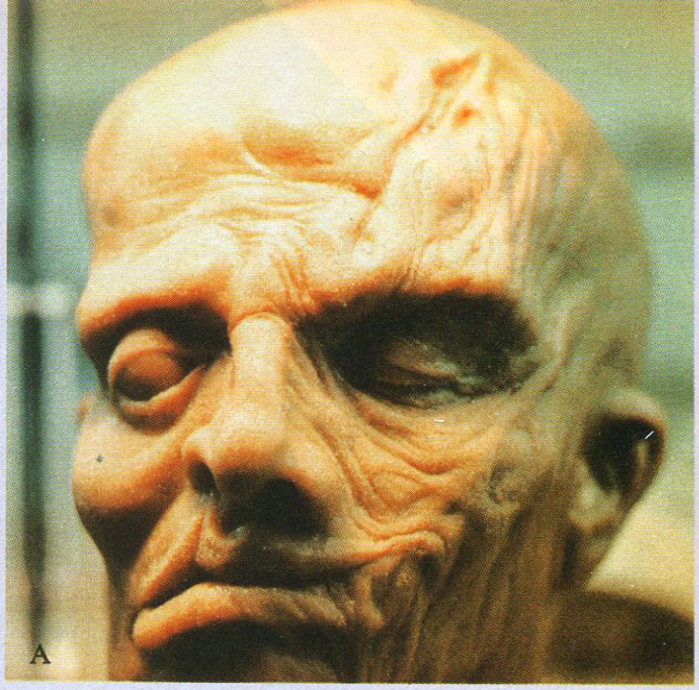
HELP WANTED:

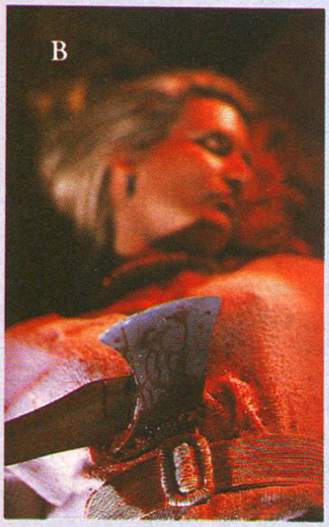
Lastly, can anyone identify the film released by Regal Video under the title *The Revenge of Dr. X*, starring Kent Taylor? The film carries the opening credits of *Mad Doctor of Blood Island*, and the box even carries *Mad Doctor*'s plot synopsis! Turns out to be a Filipino feature, circa 1970, starring Taylor as an irritable scientist who harnesses lightning to fuse two carnivorous plants into a bloodsucking humanoid called Insectivoris. The film was probably called *Insectivoris* (the cast use the name enough), but can anyone out there confirm this?

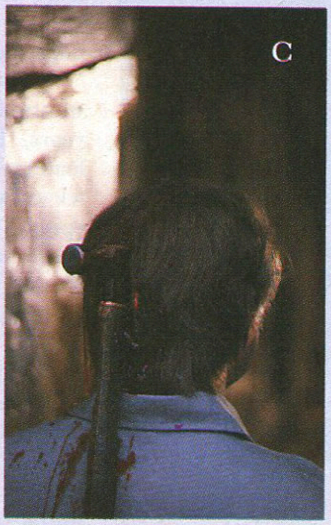
If you're scholar enough to identify this mess, or if you've something else to grin or grouse about, write to: The Video Watchdog, c/o GOREZONE, 475 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016.

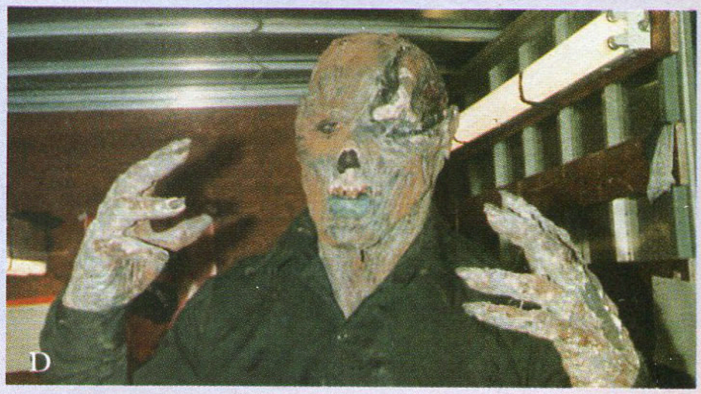


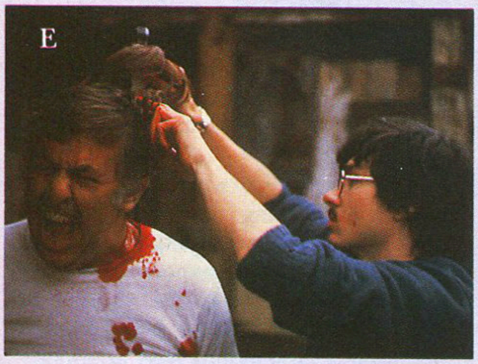
THE OFFICIAL "HOW CAN I GET A MASK JUST LIKE JASON'S?" CONTEST

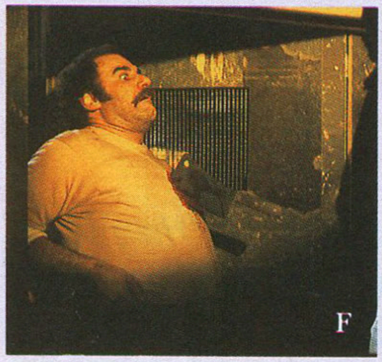


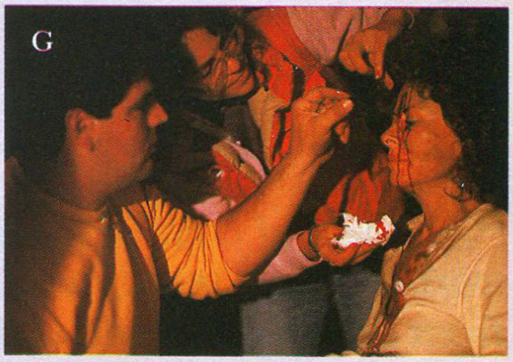












You know, we're so sick and tired of hearing "Where can I get a mask just like Jason's?" that we've finally decided to do something about it—we're giving it away in a contest!!! Through the good graces of the film's producers, GOREZONE has acquired one of the actual hockey masks used in *Friday the 13th, Part VII*. No kiddin'. Can ya beat that?!?

The rules of the contest are so simple that you could ask your dog to fill in the answers. Simply identify which *Friday the 13th* movie each of the mystery photos on this page comes from. Those who answer all correctly will be part of a random drawing to select the winner. Only one entry per household accepted. Photocopies of this page are OK. Contest not open to Paramount Pictures or Starlog Group employees.

First Prize winner gets Jason's hockey mask. **Fifteen Second Place** winners will each receive a *Friday the 13th, Part VII* poster. **Ten Third Place** winners will end up with Mr. Voorhees photos.

Send your answer to
GOREZONE Jason Contest,
475 Park Avenue South, New
York, NY 10016. Contest ends
June 29, 1988.

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

CITY ______________________

STATE ______________ **ZIP** ______

A: ______________________

B: ______________________

C: ______________________

D: ______________________

E: ______________________

F: ______________________

G: ______________________

PROFILE

Guess who's coming to dinner?

Kane Hodder: This Year's Jason

"...we had a bit of a hard time putting the worms in my mouth and trying to keep 'em from going down my throat..."

By JOHN WOOLEY

Women: You can't live with 'em, and you can't live without 'em.

OK, that may not be an '80s thing to say, but it must be the way our boy Jason feels in *Friday the 13th, Part VII*. After he's brought up out of his watery place of respite by a young woman with strange mental powers (Lar Park Lincoln of *House II: The Second Story*), that same woman spends the rest of the picture trying to do away with him in a variety of spectacular ways. It's an unusual spot for Jason to be in, and one of the things the 6-foot-2, 205-pound stuntman/actor Kane Hodder likes about the new movie.

"Usually," comments Hodder, the screen's seventh and newest Jason, "a couple of things happen to Jason, but mostly he's killing people, and so the stunts happen to other people. This time, he has a lot of things happen to *him*. Jason runs into a girl who is kind of his match, with his physical power against her mental powers. She brings him back, out of anger, and then she wishes she hadn't. There's quite a battle there, because she can make things happen with her mind."

That includes turning Jason into an approximation of Michael Jackson's head in the famous Pepsi commercial. "There's one time where the girl causes me to catch on fire, and I did a very large burn as Jason," he discloses. "I'm totally engulfed in flames, but as I'm moving around you can still see my face, and you can see that it's Jason. I do a lot of fire stunts. That's one of my specialties, but this was one of my better ones, because there was so much fire. A very large burn like that is one of the most dangerous stunts you can do."

The amiable Hodder should know. A stuntman for the last dozen of his 32 years, he has worked in close to 30 features and about the same number of television shows, beginning with an episode of *Emergency* when he was 20. His genre work began with *The Hills Have Eyes 2*, followed by the two *House* films and a pair for Empire, *Prison* and the upcoming *Ghost Town*. On all but *Hills Have Eyes 2*, he carried the title and responsibilities of stunt coordinator; in *Prison*, he also played the part of Forsythe, the vengeful undead convict. As a matter of fact, Hodder points out that a couple of the most spectacular FX photos in Fango #70's layout on *Prison* were, in fact, him.

"I *love* doing horror movies," he asserts, "because they're always full of action. And I enjoy doing the monster parts, too."

That's true even when the part may call for something that many people, stuntmen or otherwise, might find a bit, well, *extreme*—for instance, something that occurred during the filming of *Prison*, in which Hodder found himself imitating a largemouth bass at suppertime. "There was a scene toward the end of the movie where my character comes up through the ground, seated in an electric chair, and he's been underground—dead, buried, whatever—for a number of years. So when we did the scene where I had already crashed through, they were putting dirt all over me, and also worms—big, live nightcrawlers. That was so there would be some of them squirming around on my body when I stood up and screamed.

"I came up with the suggestion to put some of those worms in my mouth, because I thought it would be good for them to come squirming out of my mouth when I started screaming," Hodder relates. "So we did it, and it repulsed most everybody on the crew, but to me it wasn't a big deal. They were about five or six inches long, big fat ones, so there were only about four or five of 'em, and I had them washed off. Still, we had a bit of a hard time putting the worms in my mouth, and trying to keep 'em from going down my throat..." He pauses. "The worms were trying to get out, and I was trying to hold 'em in until the cameras rolled."

Unfortunately, all that effort may have gone for naught. "In the version I saw, you can't really tell that they're there, or that they're alive, because they cut quickly back and forth between me and the person I'm yelling at. So it might've been a wasted effort, but I thought it was worth a try."

This inventive, let's-give-it-a-shot attitude impressed MMI head John Buechler on the sets of both *Prison* (see page 12) and *Ghost Town*, leading him to recommend Hodder for the part of Jason in *Friday the 13th, Part VII*. Also helpful was the fact that Hodder is a proven stuntman with solid credits.

"I was recommended by John Buechler, when he got the directorial job on *Part VII*," notes Hodder. "Since I had been the monster in *Prison*, he knew that I didn't mind wearing makeup, that I was comfortable in it. And he liked my stunt work and thought my size and shape would be conducive to Jason, so he suggested me at the beginning. Buechler and the producers knew that this Jason was going to have to do a lot more stunts, so they decided way before me that this Jason *had* to be a stuntman. It doesn't make any sense to hire one person to do the killing as Jason and another person to do stunts. Jason doesn't have any dialogue, so it made sense to hire a stuntman to do the whole thing. Plus, I do all my own stunts."

Hodder gives the MMI head good marks for his directorial efforts. "He's probably one of the better directors, all-around, that I've worked with," asserts Hodder. "He's got an excellent sense of horror, and he's very easy to work with, especially for a stunt person. When you're doing scenes, a stunt person's mind is always inventing other things—other stunts, other action things—and I could always bring them up to Buechler. He was always really receptive. Sometimes he would think the idea was good; sometimes it wouldn't quite work, which was fine. But he was never against listening to my ideas, so to me he was real easy and real good to work with."

One of the things Buechler and Hodder agreed on was a new approach to the Jason character. While this version of Jason isn't exactly going to be Mikhail Baryshnikov, he *is* going to be a bit lighter on his feet. That's something Hodder feels will make him even more menacing.

"When I started going through the motions of being considered for the part, I started watching all the other *Friday the 13th*s to make sure I could see what I liked and didn't like about the other Jasons," explains Hodder. "My idea, and John Buechler's idea, was that he should be a little less lumbering. I mean, he's a large guy and he's dead, so he's got to be lumbering, to a point, but we thought he should be a little more agile, a little quicker on his feet. We thought it would be more horrifying that way. You really can't get away from him. Once he gets something in his mind that he's going to do, he's unstoppable, like a tank.

"He also seems smarter. From the way he catches people and stuff, Jason seems more like he knows what he's doing.

A hard day's work, but Jason's got to do it.

The meter man always comes on a bad day.

Friday Photos: Copyright 1988 Paramount

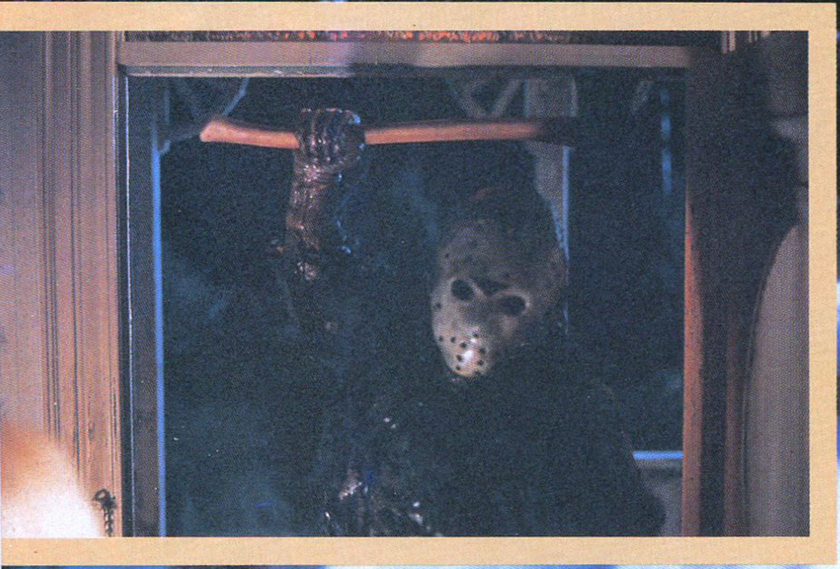
There's a fine line between looking a bit more agile and not looking like a killer, you know, looking too much like a dancer or something. I didn't want him to be too lumbering, and I didn't want him to be too light on his feet. So I had to figure out a nice in-between thing to do."

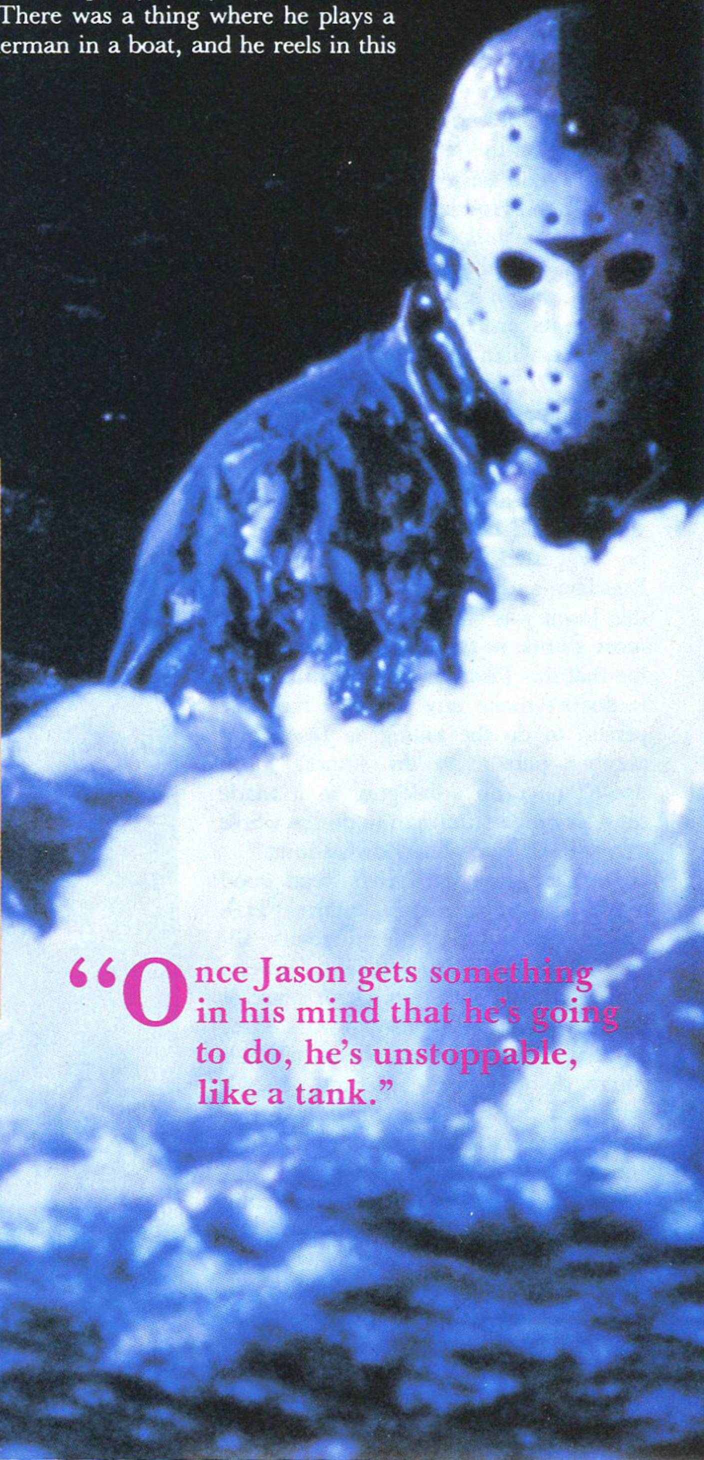
The film was shot in Alabama ("And it was *cold*," attests Hodder), and when he showed up on the set, it must've seemed like old home week. There was Buechler, with whom Hodder had worked in *Prison* and *Ghost Town*. There, also, was MMI and Greg Johnson, an alumnus of those two pictures, doing Hodder's makeup. Joining them was Lincoln, an acquaintance of Hodder's from *House II*, and Kevin Blair playing the male lead. Hodder and Blair had worked together in *The Hills Have Eyes 2*, in which Blair rated similar billing.

Also present was stuntman Alan Marcus, Hodder's friend and co-worker, who was at least partly responsible for some of the livelier moments on the *Part VII* set. "Alan doubled for Kevin Blair and another actor, and then at the end of the show, he's the last one I kill. He did a number of good stunts," praises Hodder. "I was doing one stunt with Alan in which he's on the end of the pier. I have to grab him and throw him backwards off the end of the pier, and he has to land in a rowboat. The cameras were in the rowboat and in a boat next to it. The way things were positioned, everyone was concerned that he wouldn't go far enough to make it into the boat. So I told him to really make sure he went far enough. When we did it the first time, he went so far that he landed between the two cameras in the boat, and they missed the shot. It could've been bad, but it turned out pretty funny.

"There was a thing where he plays a fisherman in a boat, and he reels in this

Hope that Right Guard's holding up.





"Once Jason gets something in his mind that he's going to do, he's unstoppable, like a tank."

big fish," Hodder goes on. "We had a big 6-pound catfish for him to reel into the boat, and I was waiting underwater, next to the boat. The shot consisted of him getting the fish into the boat, into the right position, then sitting down where I could reach him so I could grab him and pull him under. But he had trouble with the fish. It was so big and fighting so vigorously that he was all over the boat trying to get it in. Meanwhile, I'm waiting underwater, wondering why it's taking so long. Finally, the fish just broke off the line and ended up back in the lake. After the fish got away, he sat down in the boat, frustrated. I started to come up and grab him, and then I realized we didn't get the rest of the shot. We brought in a stunt fish, a double fish, that wasn't quite as big or as feisty as the first one, and then the shot worked fine."

Besides Alan Marcus and his adventures in the boat, there are plenty of other stunts and FX in *Part VII*. At one point, for instance, Jason has a 700-pound porch roof collapse on him and drive him into the ground, a feat that was accomplished by use of lightweight materials rigged to fall simultaneously. But, as hard a slog as Jason has in this one, the new crop of victims has an even rougher time of it. Seventeen characters meet their ends at the hands of Jason in *Part VII*, and Hodder holds the accompanying special makeup FX in high esteem.

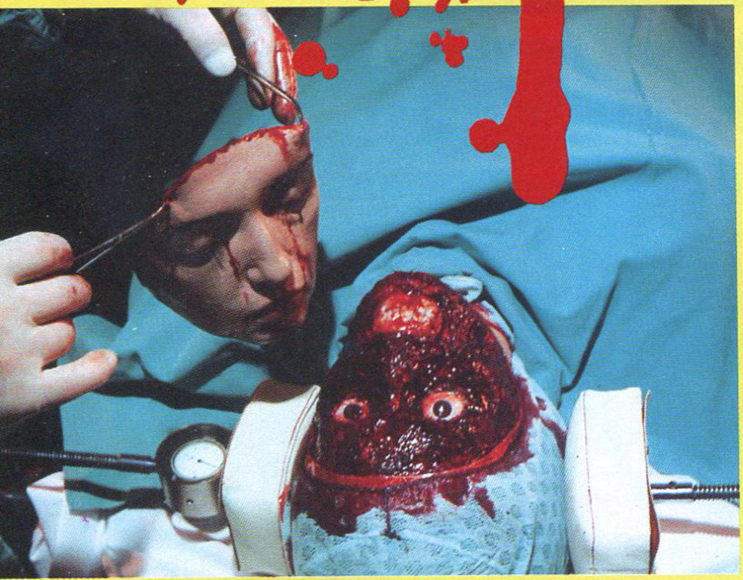
"That's also a reason I'm so excited about the film, because some of the kills were quite inventive, and the ways MMI did the makeup effects were really amazing. For instance, the squeezing of

(continued on page 64)

Mind if we drag out the old "Jason sees that a victim gets the point" caption again?

Jason (Kane Hodder) rises again, as if anyone is really surprised.

HorrorScope



Faceless Photos: Courtesy Rene Chateau

***Faceless* confronts the very real problem of cosmetic surgery: How much is too much?**

Jess Franco's Lifestyles of the Rich and *FACELESS*

Who says the French don't know how to skin a beautiful woman or plunge a syringe deep into a human eyeball? And could this land of Jerry Lewis worshipers and makers of men-in-drag farces secretly pine for the mating of power drills and fashion models? Sounds like a job for director Jess (*Night of the Blood Monster*) Franco, whose latest film, the French gorefest *Faceless*, aims to shake up those stuffy art houses. "In France, there are no directors who can shoot thrillers with violent or gory sequences," laments *Faceless* producer Rene Chateau, a video distributor who brought *Zombie* and *Maniac* to the land of the Eiffel Tower. "So to make *Faceless*, I turned to Jess Franco, who directed many early gore films like *Jack the Ripper* with Klaus Kinski and *The Awful Dr. Orloff*."

Not surprisingly, the *Faceless* plot borrows the basic scenario of Franco's original *Orloff* movie. Helmut (*Dorian Gray*) Berger stars as Dr. Flamand, your typical mad surgeon insanely dedicated to restoring the face of his acid-disfigured sister. His buddies include a Nazi war criminal (Anton Diffring, of course) and Howard Vernon as the helpful Professor Orloff himself. The plot thickens when the madmen kidnap top model Caroline Munro. Unhappy about this, her millionaire father Telly Savalas (in a role first intended for Christopher Lee) hires private detective Chris (*Bigfoot*) Mitchum to find her. Meanwhile, Flamand and his loony accomplices dispatch all witnesses via chainsaw (every surgeon has one), power drill and that old standby, the syringe-in-the-eyeball gag.

Shot in English, *Faceless* has yet to nab an American distributor, but Chateau says that he has received several offers and already plans a sequel. He's also offering a soft and hard version of the movie, to cover all bases. Everyone's just wild about *Faceless*, he adds, including Savalas and Munro, neither of whom had any qualms working with the director of such sleaze epics as *Barbed Wire Dolls* and *Wanda, the Wicked Warden*. "With Jess Franco, nothing is a problem," Chateau says. "The actors love him."

—Anthony Timpone

Gosh, and we were afraid that there wouldn't be any power tool killings this issue!

The *Slugs* wreak vengeance upon a hand that shall salt no more.

Slugs Photos: Copyright 1988 New World

A basic *Slugs* facial, guaranteed to whisk those wrinkles away.

SLUGS and the women who love them

Leaving a trail of slime mayhem in its sporadic regional release is New World's *Slugs*. The playdate patterns are just about as speedy as a slug brought up on the West Coast. Fear not, however. The smart money's on the Pass Line. . . passing it into the line of releases to be sacrificed to the hungry home video market.

Based on the Shaun Hutson novel of the same name, *Slugs* is helmed by Spain's Juan Piquer Simon, director of 1983's *Pieces*, who spent four weeks in the town of Lyons, New York and an additional two back in Spain. Shooting took place in October 1986. Pulling on local talent from nearby Rochester, NY, the *Slugs* FX crew consisted of Dave Johnson, Roy Kynrim and boss Pat Tantalo. Carlo DeMarchis earned the movie's main special makeup FX credit.

When mysterious deaths occur in the fictional town of Ashton, fingers point to thousands of mutated slugs, the outcome of a conveniently forgotten toxic waste dumping. The gooey little buggers have teeth and live down in Ed Norton land. A deadly chemical is devised to eliminate the oozing menace. Can Ashton be saved?

Slugs promises a sordid array of gore and shock FX. As Tantalo points out, "They are within the boundaries of an R rating. If you see the version they show in Spain, I understand there are additional gore scenes. One depicts a guy's eyeball bursting and little baby slugs crawling out."

Tantalo and company, while not needed for the short schedule in Spain, busied themselves with the bulk of the FX in the Lyons location. "One scene involves a young couple in a bedroom. When the guy gets out of bed and puts his foot on the floor, it's covered with slugs. Rather than use a prosthetic limb, we covered the actor's foot with an appliance. As he lifts it up, we see a slug has burrowed itself into his foot, and he tries to pull it out. As the slug—which was made out of Skin-flex—stretches, the effect really looks disgusting. The slug finally pops out and then the blood gushes.

"The girl tries to run and falls to the floor, which is covered with slugs," he continues. "One of the creatures burrows into her hand, up through her arm and rips its way out. They eventually tear through her face and devour her down to the bone. I built a special slug that was designed to tear through her arm. Again, this work was done using appliances on the actress."

Not all FX were achieved as planned. "There was a scene that we were all set up to do, and the director decided not to shoot," Tantalo shrugs. "We had a guy rigged so the slugs would burrow into his lower back, dig their way up under his skin and break out at his neck. It's just as well that we didn't shoot it, because the film initially received an X rating, and that scene wouldn't have helped."

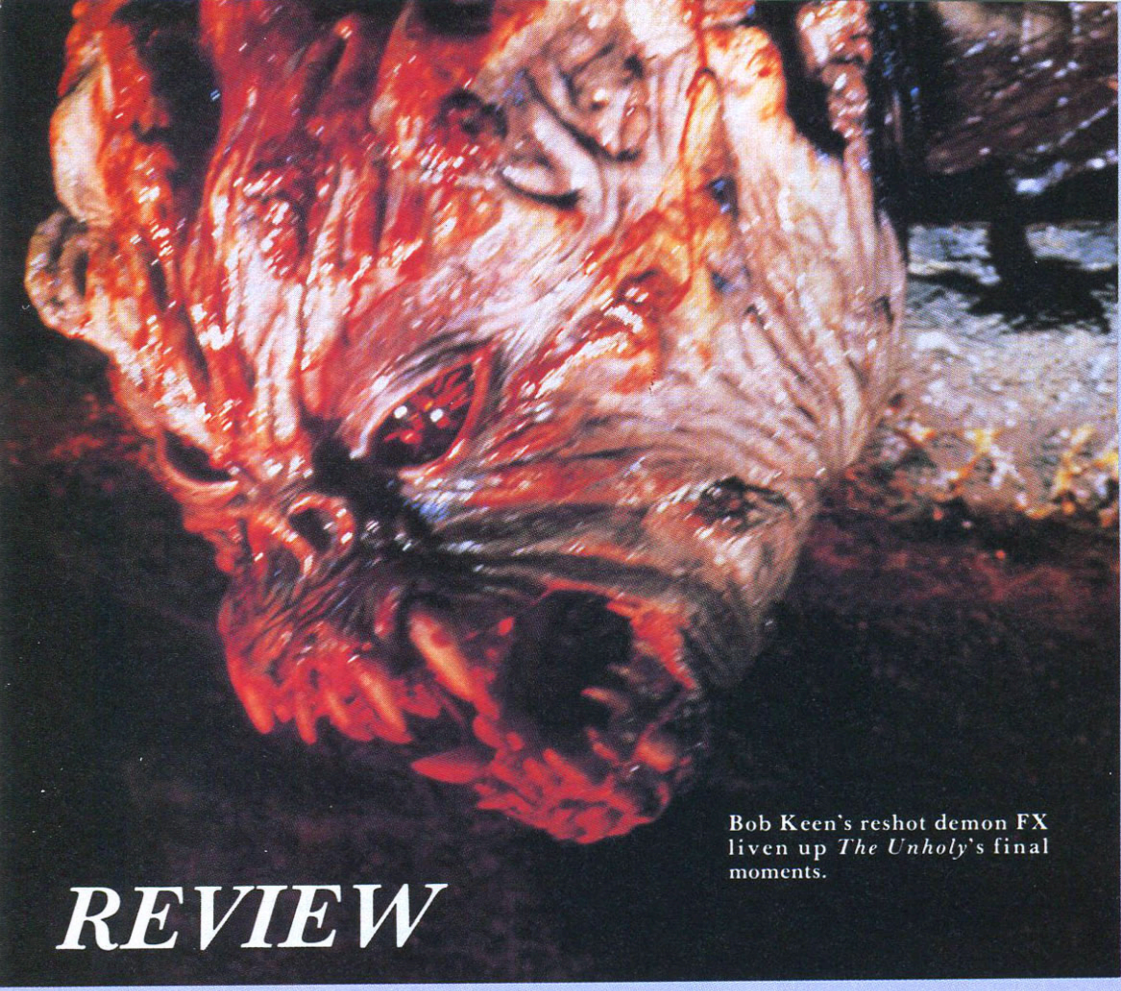
The multitalented crew additionally provided pyrotechnic expertise in the climactic moments of *Slugs*. "We had to shoot flames 30 feet into the air out of a manhole," Tantalo reveals. "Dave Johnson and I built special pipes filled with gun and flash powder. Depending on the length of the pipe, you can adjust the height and intensity of the flame. We set up a platform in an actual manhole and had flames burst out of it."

None of the Lyons location slugs were real. "They sent over these molded plastic ones from Spain. But in Europe, they had these huge black slugs that were pretty scary looking because they *were* a foot long if you stretched them out," Tantalo shudders.

Judging from the stuff here, the GOREZONE brigade is kindly advised to *hire* a gardener this year or get lotsa salt. Ya never know what's been buried under your backyard!

—Tim Ferrante

"Taking a swim in a sea of terrestrial pulmonate gastropods, silly. What does it *look* like I'm doing?"



Bob Keen's reshot demon FX liven up *The Unholy*'s final moments.

Unholy Photos: Vestron Pictures

REVIEW

THE UNHOLY

". . . not quite 'The Exorcist,' but . . . visceral and frightening enough . . ."

By MICHAEL GINGOLD

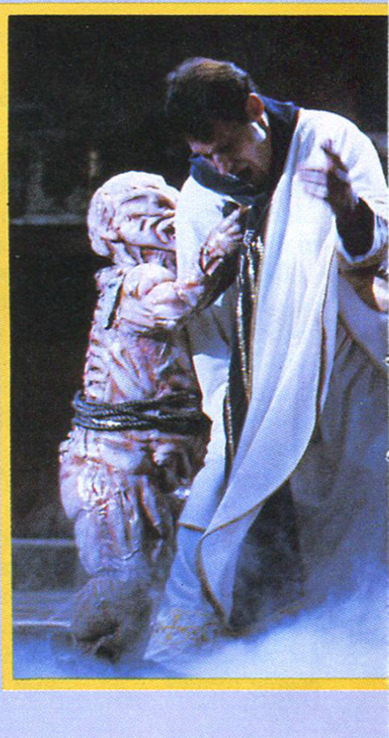
Most horror films open with only some hint of the nasty events to come and then don't get into the hardcore material until the midway point. Not so *The Unholy*, which kicks off with a priest being seduced at the altar by a nearly naked young woman who gorily tears his throat out when he succumbs to her. When a movie begins with a scene like that, you know it's going to have no bones about showing even more graphic material later on. And if this scene doesn't grab you, the opening titles that follow it will: The black screen "breaks apart" in red-rimmed cracks, revealing the credits to the accompaniment of a powerful Roger Bellon score.

The rest of the movie is similarly subtle—i.e. as much so as an ax in the forehead—but *The Unholy* succeeds as a no-holds-barred, kick-you-in-the-teeth shocker. It also features an unusually big-name cast for a low-budget exploitation film, headed by Ben Cross (a long way from *Chariots of Fire*) in the lead. Cross plays Father John Michael, a priest who takes a bad fall out of a high window and miraculously survives with barely any injuries. Figuring that there's something special about this guy, Archbishop Mosely (Hal Holbrook) appoints him to the New Orleans church where that prologue murder, as well as another similar killing, has occurred. Mosely isn't the only one interested in getting to the bottom of the deaths; police lieutenant Stern (Ned Beatty, walking through his part) blatantly uses Father Michael to try to solve the three-year-old case.

Director Camilo Vila and writers Philip (*Day of the Triffids*) Yordan and Fernando Fonseca unfold the tale gradually and not too predictably, dropping in a number of intense and gruesome shock scenes along the way.

Father Michael's investigation leads him to a nightclub called The Threshold (as in crossing), where the Cajun-accented manager Luke (William Russ) stages Satanic rituals for his patrons. So naturally, when weird occurrences begin to plague Father Michael and the church, including a dead dog left on the altar, Luke becomes the prime suspect, especially since he's upset that Millie (Jill Carroll), a runaway teenager who's been working at the club, has gone to stay with Father Michael, and Luke has expressed his desire to get her back in no uncertain terms. But then, Millie also might be the culprit, since she associated with the other two priests before their deaths. The mystery builds satisfyingly, as Father Michael inexorably follows the same path as his predecessors and a couple of characters die incredibly gory deaths. (The movie hasn't been rated as I write this, but if it gets away with an R in its uncut form, this reviewer will be extremely surprised.)

Of course, the true malefactor isn't anything human; it's a bud-



Who says disco's dead?

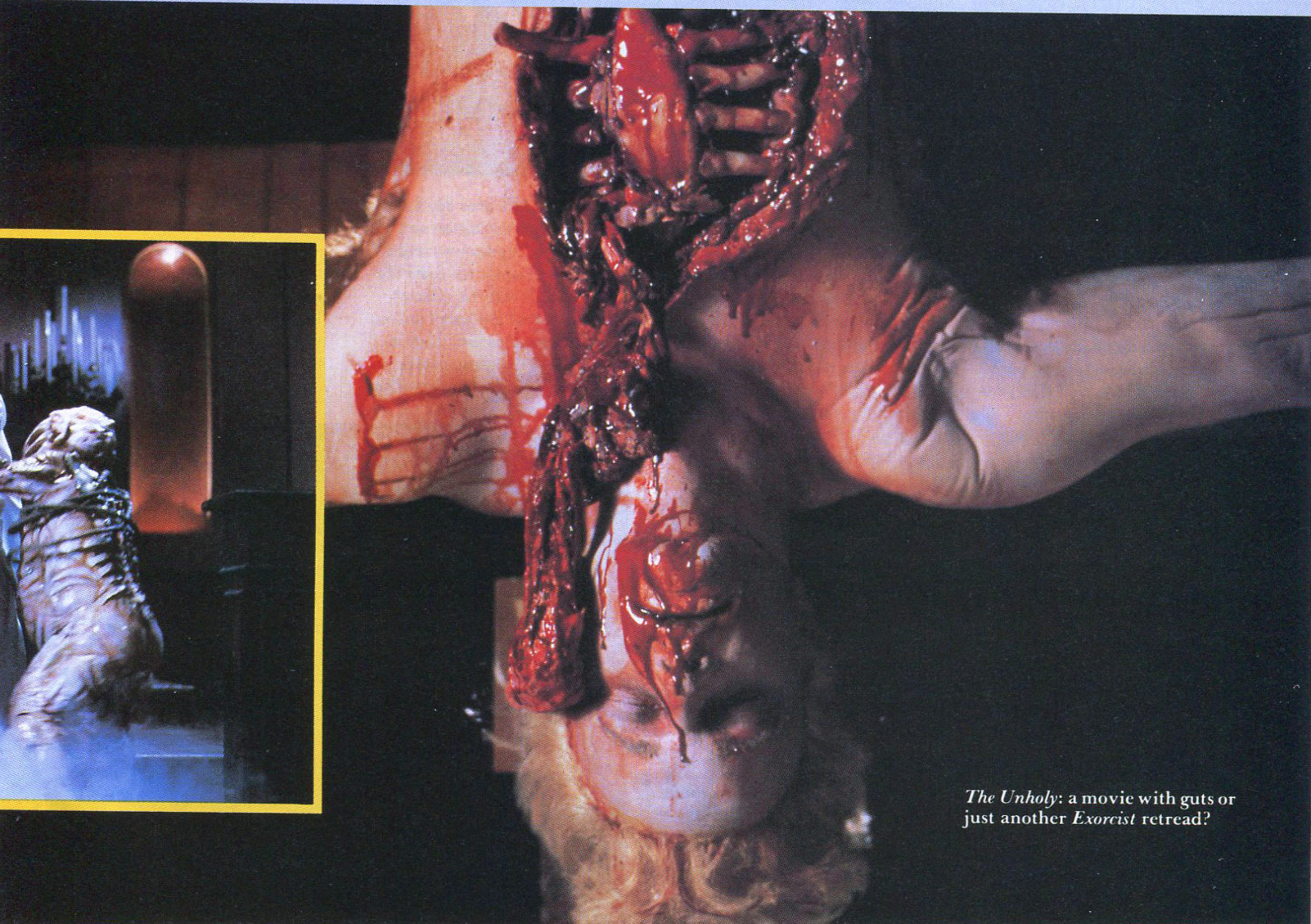
dy of the devil's called the Unholy, who wreaks evil throughout Holy Week before chowing down on an unfortunate mortal and taking his soul to hell on Easter Sunday. The Unholy is especially partial to priests and virgins, and this is revealed to Father Michael by Millie, who then tells him that she is a virgin before suggesting a way to mutually put themselves out of danger. But Father Michael stays true to his vows, and resists the temptation of both Millie and the scantily-clad succubus when she appears toward the end. It's a measure of the strength of Cross' performance that the preview audience was right along with him. This must be the first time an urban crowd cheered for a character *not* to have sex.

Naturally, resisting the Unholy in its human guise only leads to big trouble for Father Michael, or to put it in cinematic terms: Stalwart hero + unsatisfied demon = violent FX climax. The original finale of the movie apparently proved unsatisfying, so effectsman Bob (*Hellraiser*) Keen directed and created creatures and makeup for a new one, using the crew of the upcoming *Waxwork*. These concluding scenes really pull out the stops, as a huge, slimy creature (and some not-as-convincing midget monsters) menace Father Michael and Millie. There's a brief and very graphic descent into hell, an effectively downbeat closing scene and a nice final image, before those red-rimmed crack visuals close over the screen to end the film.

It's not quite *The Exorcist*, but *The Unholy* is visceral and frightening enough to satisfy genre fans and gorehounds, while giving mainstream critics another excuse to pore through their thesauruses looking for synonyms for "offensive."

A priest wins a tracheotomy from hell.

Photo: Littlejohn



The Unholy: a movie with guts or just another *Exorcist* retread?

REVIEW

Lady in White

". . . might be better appreciated by your mom or little brothers and sisters."

Photos: New Century/Vista

By MICHAEL WELDON

Back in 1981, just before New York's famous 42nd Street started its steady decline, I used to watch new movies there every week. The best of that year were Cronenberg's *Scanners*, Dante's *The Howling* and Lewis Teague's *Alligator*. I was disappointed by Hooper's *Funhouse* and Craven's *Deadly Blessing*, and endured *Blood Beach*, *Dead and Buried* and worse. On 42nd Street, the audience reaction is often as much fun as the movie. The best viewer response of '81 was when a guy stood up and screamed during a phony-looking castration scene in *Caligula*. Another memorable moment was when the surprised audience went wild while a confused teenager grew instant breasts in one of that year's strangest films, *Fear No Evil*.

I was really impressed because I knew (thanks to a story in FANGORIA) that *Fear No Evil's* creator, Frank LaLoggia, was only 23 at the time. Avco-Embassy had picked up his independent fantasy/horror feature filmed in his hometown of Rochester, New York, and added a lot of colorful FX. Stephan Arngrim (who had previously appeared as the little kid on TV's *Land of the Giants*) starred as Andrew, a quiet high school student who turns out to be the Antichrist. An old woman and a young girl are actually angels in disguise, sent to destroy Andrew. This first effort included revived corpses and punk rock music. It was confusing and silly, but unpredictable and fascinating. I hoped that LaLoggia would return.

Now that he's over 30, LaLoggia has completed his second feature. His impressive credits are the same as for his first: He co-produced (with his cousin), directed, wrote the script and co-wrote the music score. *Lady in White* has all the same problems (and obsessions) as his first effort.

One of the problems is star Lukas Haas, the Amish kid who saw the murder in *Witness*. If you like those mass-produced paintings of cute children with big faces and huge eyes that moms use to create moods on living room walls, then you might like

(continued on page 62)

Time to get a home improvement loan.

Photo: Marsha Blackburn

NEW HORROR VIDEO GUIDE!
FANGORIA
PRESENTS BEST & BLOODIEST
HORROR VIDEO
#1
100s OF MOVIES!
MANIACS * ZOMBIES
* ALIENS * MONSTERS
* MADMEN * SLASHERS
SPLATTER SPOTLIGHT
* KING * ROMERO
* SAVINI * JASON
* LEATHERFACE
. . . AND YOUR OLD FRIEND FREDDY
PLOTS & REVIEWS
ADDRESS DIRECTORY

DON'T RENT BLIND

Before you plunk down your hard-earned cash for another splatter video, preview your purchase or rental by looking it up in

HORROR VIDEO

Dozens of gruesome color photos!

HERE IT IS! YOUR GUIDE TO THE SCARIEST HORROR FILMS OF ALL TIME!

Plots, reviews!
Hundreds of movies!
The best and the bloodiest!

Plus: Address Directory—
How to get hard-to-find tapes!

CLIP OR COPY

O'QUINN STUDIOS, INC.
475 PARK AVENUE SOUTH
NEW YORK, NY 10016

SEND CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER!

___ ***HORROR VIDEO — $4.95***

Please indicate number of magazines being ordered and add $2.05 for each magazine to cover the cost of postage and handling.

Total Enclosed: ________

NAME: ____________________

STREET: ____________________

CITY: ____________________

STATE: ____________ ***ZIP:*** ________

IF YOU DO NOT WANT TO CUT OUT COUPON, WE WILL ACCEPT WRITTEN ORDERS.
Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

PIECE O' MIND

by Chas. Balun

Beatin' the Splatter Blues

These *Dawn of the Mummy* ghouls know how to kick the blahs: Invite a few friends over for a party!

Dawn Photos: Courtesy Bill George

Sometimes a month goes by, or maybe a couple of months, before the symptoms manifest themselves: lack of enthusiasm and motivation, general listlessness, malaise, a certain you've-seen-'em-all-and-so-what cynicism creeping into your rapidly eroding attitude. You're a longtime fan, a horror columnist—an author, even—and you haven't seen anything you can yammer to your friends and readers about in oh, so looooong. You're feeling, well, in need of a fix, to put it bluntly. (As a responsible adult, I suppose I should just say "NO" to controlled substance metaphors, but more on that later.)

If you live in a warmer climate, why not try a little beach fun?

Sure, you were impressed with the two hi-tech MTV vampire flicks of last summer and understandably dazzled by a couple of slick big-budget sequels. All the while, overlooked and underappreciated films like *The Stepfather* summarily disappeared with little audience left to indicate they ever existed. Any true horror aficionado wants and needs to find a couple of little films that get passed over in the rush to make the next *Friday the 13th*, *Nightmare on Elm Street* or *Fright Night*.

A little unpretentious bit of funky, irreverent rollicking in the exploitation hay, so to speak. Nothing fancy, mind you, just something that doesn't need a throbbing soundtrack, cute leads, dream murders or serial killers. Maybe a good old guy in a lumpy rubber suit chasing some chowderheads down the same hallway, over and over, is just what it takes to kick the Splatter Blues.

A bit of fanfare, please. (No drum rolls here. We're on a budget, remember?) Use your imagination—it still works, I'm sure—and let's dust off these long overdue Achievement Awards now presented to some of the more thoughtlessly neglected renegade splatter films of the last decade.

Enter Franco Prosperi's *Wild Beasts* (1983), for Best Use of a Controlled Substance in a Splatter Context. The unpredictable ultratranquilizer PCP is accidentally dumped into a zoo's water supply. The film maintains a strong anti-drug stance, implying that only fools would want to party in the same place with exotic, stoned-out quadrupeds who've got incisors like chisels and who outweigh you by three or four tons. *Wild Beasts* realistically portrays the unruly, violent psychotic frenzies experienced by people, pigs, polar bears, elephants and water buffaloes under the influence of this dangerous chemical. Ah, Italian filmmaking with a social conscience; don't it make you proud?

Speaking of our foreign brethren and international blood brothers, with or without consciences or socially redeeming values, may we introduce both *Burial Ground* and *Dawn of the Mummy* as runners-up in Best Use of Zombies in a Supporting Role? Andrea Bianchi's 1981 entry was also titled *Zombie Horror* and *Zombie 3* before becoming *Burial Ground* and favorably impressing your reporter with its loving homage to Lucio Fulci during a totally gratuitous eyeball-skewering sequence. The flick also features clever, tool-using, highly motivated zombies who simply don't *ever* give up. Unspeakable acts of nipple violence round out the smorgasbord of maggots, mayhem, beheadings and gut munching in this sublime example of what my friends in the fanzine business call the "Pasta Land Chunk Blowers." Amen.

Honorable mention for Best Splatter Film of the Bandaged Dead goes uncontested, of course, to Frank Agrama's international (U.S./Italian/Egyptian) entry *Dawn of the Mummy* (1981), which proves that although 5,000-year-old ragheads may be a bit sluggish, they're no less ravenous for flesh than their American counterparts.

No need to feel down in the mouth about your personal appearance. Start by giving yourself *Mountaintop Motel Massacre* dimples.

Then again, there's always the Rob Bottin *Humanoids of the Deep* twist, a very hard-to- master dance that involves latex and seaweed.

Photo: Courtesy Stephen Jochsberger Collection

No matter how bored you get, don't go sticking silverware in the toaster.

One surefire way to cheer up is to give yourself a haircut. Be careful not to nick your ears, as this *Thrilled to Death* lad apparently has.

While we're still in international waters, leave it to the Japanese to come up with *Shogun Assassin* (1981), a zen slasher parable which tells us that massive arterial spraying, gushing from a gaping sword wound, is like "the flutter of swallows in dry bush . . ." They make getting beheaded look somehow spiritual.

Psycho-slashers were made to appear, once again, vital and irreplaceable on the splatter scene with Joseph (*Dreamscape*) Ruben's electrifying *The Stepfather*, catalyzed by Terry O'Quinn's riveting portrayal of a Yuppie Gone to Hell.

No less impressive is William Asher's utterly forgotten chiller, *Thrilled to Death* (1981), also shown at various times as *Momma's Boy*, *Butcher, Baker, Nightmare Maker* and *Night Warning*. If the splendidly orchestrated, chillingly realistic car crash at the beginning doesn't pique your interest, then stick around for three or four more minutes and let Susan Tyrrell strut her stuff. Her driven, frenzied, over-the-top performance as a sexually thwarted knife killer is nearly matched by Bo Svenson, walking tall and talking bad, as a homophobic sheriff investigating a murder.

And way, way back in the pack is another slasher, reborn as *Mountaintop Motel Massacre* (1983) and a hands-down

Terry O'Quinn demonstrates his favorite pastime, "mouse hockey," in *The Stepfather*.

Step Photo: Joseph Lederer

Perhaps what you need is a new pet. How about a playful *Forbidden World* mutant?

winner for Best Use of Alliteration in a Title Featuring the Word Massacre. The movie ain't half bad, either, with enough new plot twists, nifty camera tricks and rascally performances to keep you guessing for an hour and a half. What did you really expect from a film with that title, anyway?

For sheer shock value and grimy depravity, few recent films have come close to the bottomed-out blast victim anti-hero of Buddy Giovinazzo's *Combat Shock*, a.k.a. *American Nightmare* (1985). When you take the subject of Vietnam veterans, remove the Fondas, the Streeps, the '60s-style soundtracks and wipe that glibly patronizing smirk off your liberal puss, you're left with this harrowing, nihilistic peek into a heart without hope. An unemployable Viet vet lives in squalor with his whining, lard-assed wife and their Agent Orange-affected mutant son, in an apartment that makes Ratzo Rizzo's look like the Ambassador Hotel. This one plays for keeps, so forget the popcorn and Twix bars; you won't feel much like eating after seeing the bent coat hanger dope fixes, baby broiling, and wall-splattering handgun suicides that climax one of the most sincerely depressing, excruciatingly morbid films to come down the pike in many a moon. (*WARNING:* Never see this film with a date and expect to get "chummy" afterward.)

After *Combat Shock*, you'll no doubt be ready for a little cinematic escapism. Perhaps the good ol' aforementioned cheap rubber monster-on-the-rampage is just the ticket. Allow me to seat you for our terrifying triple bill of snarling, biting, barfing alien life forms in *The Boogens* (1981; FX by Stan Winston), *Humanoids From the Deep* (1980; monsters by Rob Bottin) and *Forbidden World* (1982). Together, these modest monster mashers cost far less than was spent for strobe lights and K-Y jelly on *ALIENS* (1986).

It's an accepted fact in film production that a large budget permits creativity and a small budget compels it. These unfairly neglected, frugal little films have heretofore been denied proper endorsement, and your reporter hopes that this column is taken like a warm, congenial surprise phone call or a letter from an old, trusted friend—it's a small gesture, to be sure, but it lets you know they're still around and somebody does care.

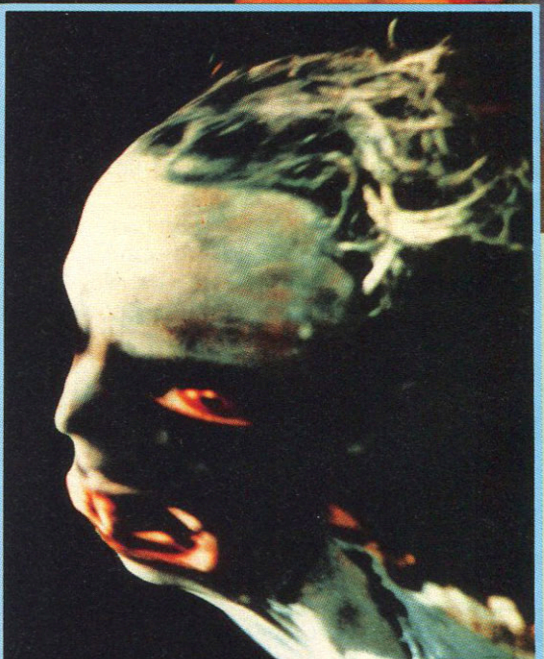
There, I feel lots betted already. Bring on *Assault of the Nightmare Holiday Razor Killers: The Final Conclusion*. I'm ready for it now.

When all else fails, bury yourself in a collapsed mineshaft for a century or so. Next thing you know, you're one of *The Boogens*.

DEMONS 2

REVIEW

Sally boogies for her birthday bash in a scene trimmed for the video release.



Bava and company rip off not only their earlier hit, but other films as well — like this "homage" to *Videodrome*.

Demons 2 Photos: Courtesy Imperial

> ***". . . an acceptable, unembarrassing addition to Lamberto Bava's filmography . . ."***

By DOUG BRÓD

Like his collaborator and producer, Dario Argento, director Lamberto Bava is addicted to style. As two of Bava's previous pictures — *A Blade in the Dark* and *Demons* — revealed, here is one director who takes his craft very seriously. And even in the presence of shaky narratives, Bava can be counted on to deliver the grisly goods — visually, at least. With *Demons 2*, he comes through, but not without liberally "borrowing" from a half dozen other movies, including his own.

Demons 2 (subtitled *The Nightmare Returns* for its American release) stalks ground similar to that of its 1986 antecedent. In fact, it could almost be considered a remake. Where the first film had movie-spawned ghouls rampaging through a cavernous theater, *Demons 2* moves the action to a monolithic high-rise apartment tower. Inside, some residents are transfixed by a bizarre horror movie (or is it a documentary? We're never quite sure) unfolding on their televisions. In one apartment, a rabid demon emerges from a TV set (shades of *Videodrome*) to attack a young woman at her birthday party. Her newfound bloodlust sets off an epidemic of terror as she mauls her guests into ravenous fluorescent-eyed demons with sights on infecting others in the building (a la *They Came from Within* and *Rabid*). Predictable carnage and close calls ensue when the few still-human inhabitants attempt to repel the herd of walking (and running and leaping) dead.

As anticipated, Bava loads the picture with breathtaking horror tableaux. There's a great scene of slow-motion demons charging en masse through a hallway bathed in smoky blue light. Near the end of the movie, our crazed birthday girl is caught running across a roof before a striking backdrop of a burnt orange and blue sky.

Bava pours on the gore fairly thick, at the same time eschewing the body-chomping of the original. But the film was obviously cut in at least two places to secure an R rating in the States. This reviewer was able to view a presumably complete version of *Demons 2*, subtitled in Spanish, that runs approximately three minutes longer than Imperial Entertainment's 88-minute videocassette. Remaining intact in the R-rated version are a better-than-nifty dog/demon makeover and a wild preteen chestburster; gone is a good portion of the graphic skewering of one pesky demon and quite a bit from a gooey skin-melting, claw-forming and blood-spattering group transformation.

The American release also omits an amusing aural joke from this latter scene. In both versions, The Cult's "Rain" perfectly captures the thunder and ferocity of the imagery; in the unedited version, however, singer Ian Astbury wails the line "Hot sticky scene/You know what I mean" over shots of plasma-drenched bodies, giving the lyrics a new, entirely appropriate context.

In a departure from *Demons'* mostly heavy metal score (featuring the likes of Iron Maiden and Billy Idol), *Demons 2* offers an effective dose of British Gothic rock. Dead Can Dance and ex-Bauhaus singer Peter Murphy contribute songs, as does an uncredited Love and Rockets. On a really strange note, the late great Smiths' "Panic" shows up in a party scene that's about to turn awfully messy. And though the tune's title may be appropriate for the festivities, this misplaced British song (with its references to specifically British cities), in a dubbed flick shot in Rome, sticks out like a gangrenous thumb. Not so the movie's superb sound FX, all amplified drips, gurgles, spurts and squishes.

The dubbing job is as good—or as bad—as we've come to expect from this kind of import. Too bad much of the dialogue is so dumb. (Hysterical pregnant woman to her spouse: "George, George. Get me out of here." Heroic hubby: "OK, but first we gotta get to the roof.")

The sequel lacks the zesty splatter mayhem and frenetic pacing of the original *Demons*.

But we all know you don't watch an Italian splatter movie for erudition and enlightenment, you watch for thrills. And *Demons 2* has got a few—some original, some not. In fact, one long sequence, in which the mom-to-be does battle with a malevolent gremlin in her apartment, is copped practically wholesale from the Karen Black vehicle *Trilogy of Terror*. It's a taut scene, sure, but haven't we seen it before?

With *Demons 2*, Bava has made an acceptable, unembarrassing addition to his filmography, a thematically derivative and consequently empty exercise in stylistic excess. His directorial momentum and great use of color carry the picture, but as that recent turgid piece of hackwork *Return of the Living Dead, Part II* proved, zombies chasing people down streets or through rooms is not necessarily horrific in and of itself; there's got to be some interesting predicaments to provide the jolts, a method to the madness. And, in this respect, *Demons 2* barely cuts it. Just imagine what Lamberto Bava could do with a real screenplay.

You can't blame the cast of *Demons 2* for wanting to run away.

After conquering an *Empire of the Ants*, actor Robert Lansing won't let a few little cockroaches get under his skin.

One Director Flew Over THE NEST

By MICHAEL GINGOLD

"I was constantly shouting, 'More bugs! More bugs!' Of course, there were never enough bugs."

Looks like *Creepshow* wasn't the last word on cockroach movies.

"One interesting aspect about this," notes Terence Winkless, director of Concorde Pictures' current release *The Nest*, "is that, as far as people in important positions, there were a lot of firsts. It had a first-time director, a first-time director of photography, a first-time special effects guy, a first-time composer and, I believe, a first-time writer. That means that everybody worked real hard, because everybody had a chance to prove what he could do."

The result is yet another first: the first solid, quality horror film from Concorde, which usually turns out campy cheapies like *Munchies* and *Chopping Mall*. Not only is it gut-level effective, but it sports a surprisingly slick, polished look for its budget of less than $1 million.

Based on a novel by Eli Cantor (published under the pseudonym Gregory A. Douglas), *The Nest* is set on a resort island called North Port, where the locals have what E.G. Marshall would call "this bug problem." The native roaches have become especially feisty lately, feeding on books in the library and meat in the market, then starting to turn on animals and finally humans. It seems that Mayor Johnson (Robert Lansing of *Empire of the Ants*) made a deal with a scientific research company called INTEC to conduct experiments on the island, one of which involved the creation of a mutant cockroach that would devour members of its own species. Instead, of course, the bugs have turned into flesh-eating ravenous killers.

What attracted Winkless to Robert King's screenplay, however, was not the horror as much as the story's potential for humor. "What I liked about the script was the fact that you could do some comedy with it," he explains. "If you try to take the bugs completely seriously, you're going to fall on your face. I think the movie bears that out. Life gets really absurd sometimes, and what better way to talk about how absurd it is than when the fat lady is lying in bed and the bugs are crawling down her cast? You can't take it seriously; it would never be true horror like *Halloween* or *ALIEN*, but it could be sort of comic horror."

The movie's best comic achievement is the character of Homer (Stephen Davies), the island's resident exterminator, who prefers to be called a "pest control agent" and is barely fazed by the horrific goings-on around him. "Ostensibly, the hero of the piece is the sheriff [Franc Luz, who originated the part of Orin the dentist in Off-Broadway's *Little Shop of Horrors*], but I've always been sort of a closet anarchist, so my hero in the movie is Homer. He's really the guy who winds up saving the island." Winkless reserves special praise for Davies, an old friend he fought Concorde to use. "He's a brilliant actor," raves the director. "One of these days he's going to be a big star."

Winkless first met Davies through fellow USC film school alumnus John (*The Razor's Edge*) Byrum, who wasn't the only classmate of his to become well-known; John Carpenter, Dan O'Bannon and Nick Castle attended the school at the same time. Prior to working behind the camera, Winkless' first professional job was as an actor of sorts, playing the gorilla in the kids' TV show *The Banana Splits*. He went on to become a scriptwriter, his best-known credit undoubtedly the one he shares with John Sayles for the screenplay adaptation of Gary Brandner's *The Howling*.

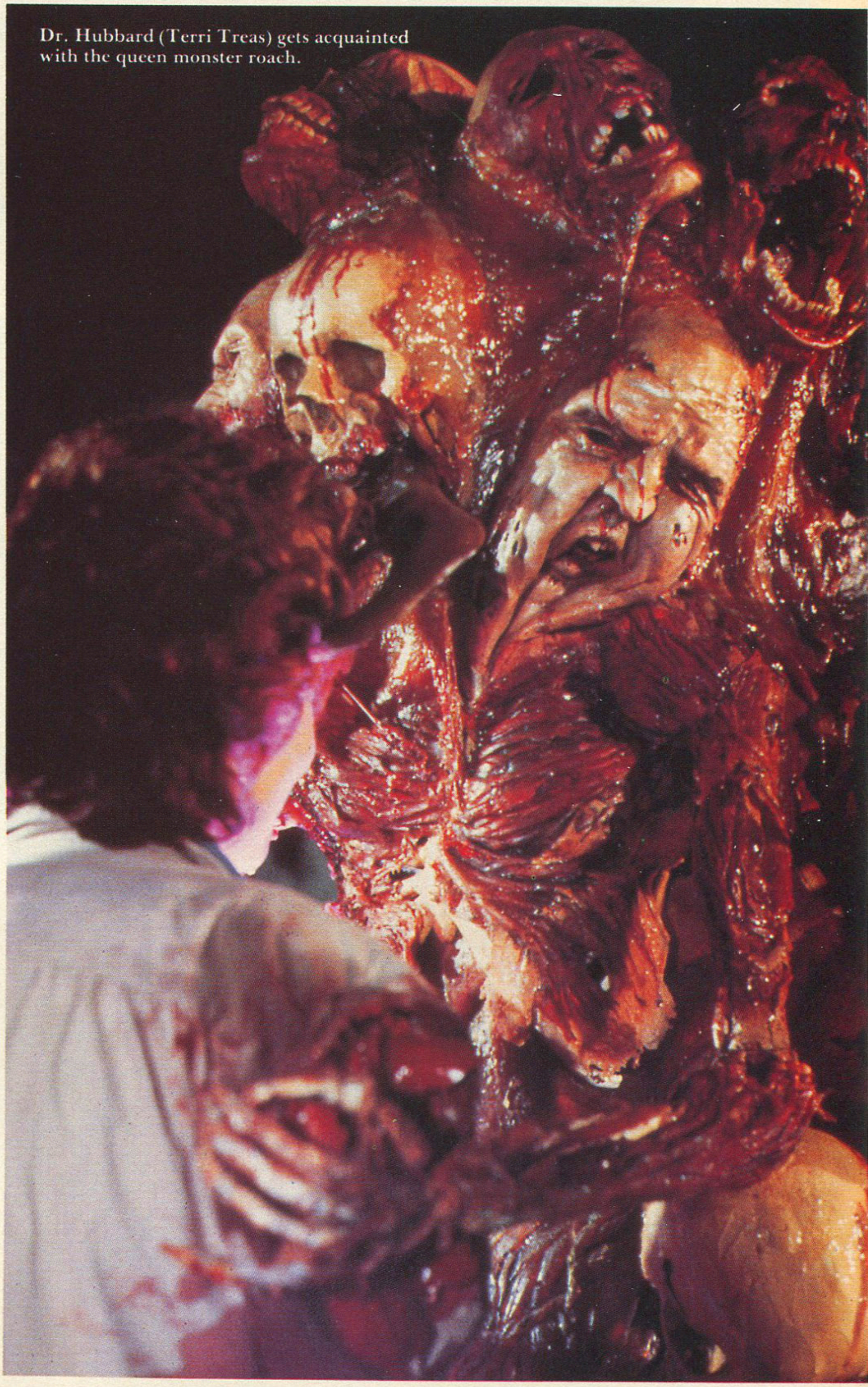
According to Winkless, though, this work was not collaborative; he has never actually met Sayles. "I worked only with Joe Dante and [producer] Mike Finnell," Winkless recalls. "They had bought the book, and all they kept was the title. They threw out the book, and we started from scratch. I did my draft, and then they had Sayles do another draft after me. I admire his work—and I hope he admires mine!"

Winkless had been in constant contact with Concorde president Roger Corman since then, and his agent was a friend of Corman's wife Julie, who produced *The Nest*. When said agent found out that the

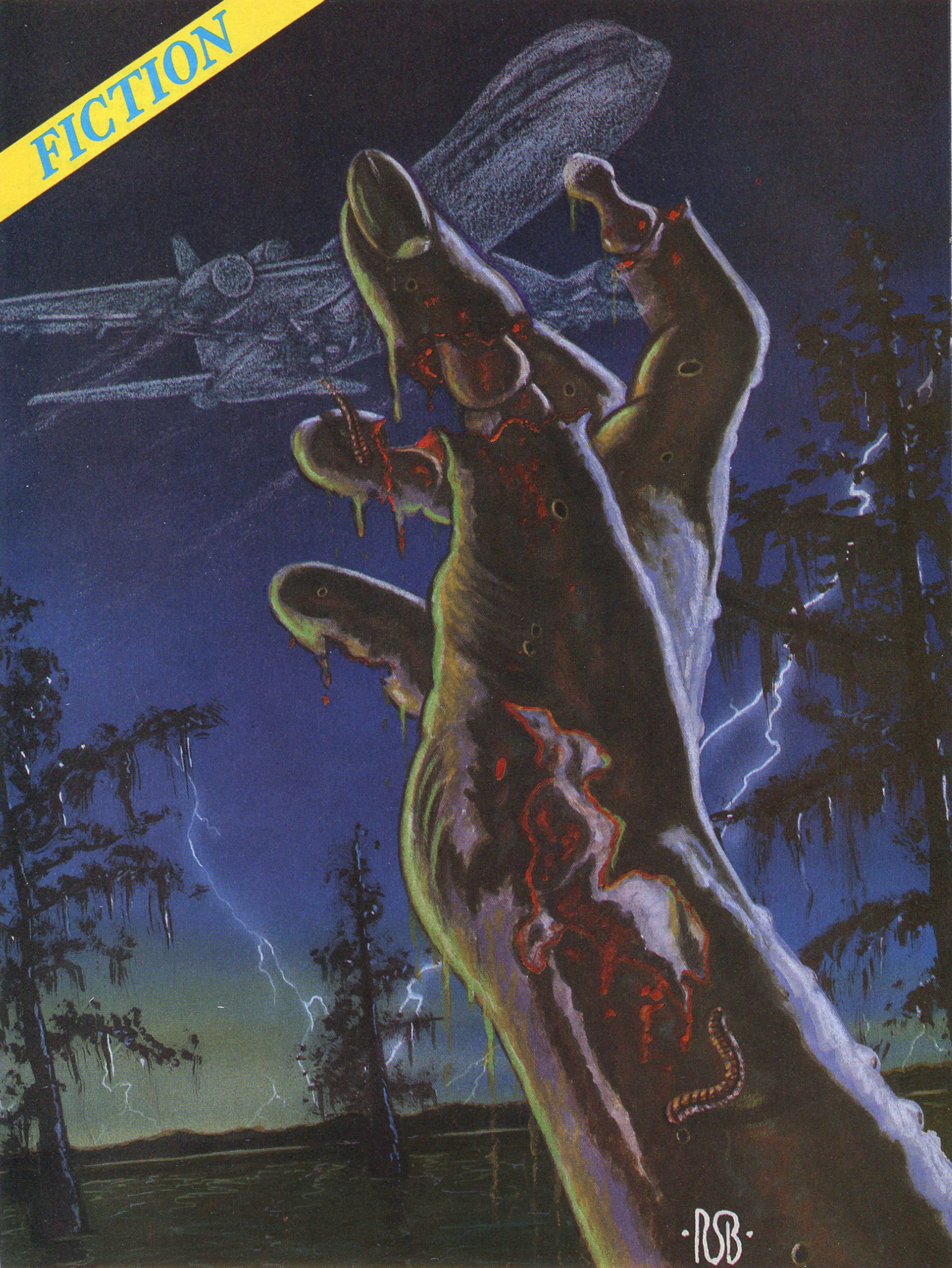
(continued on page 64)

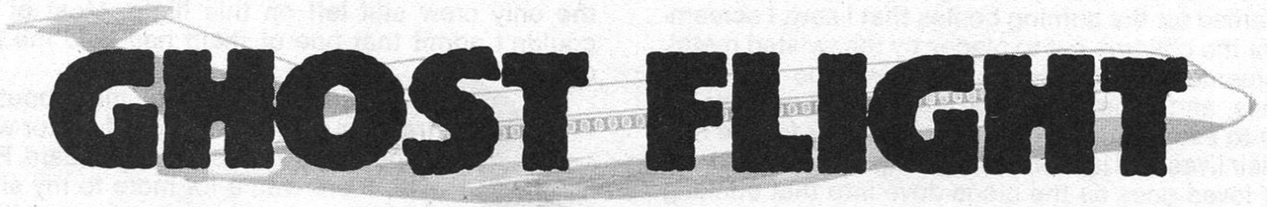
The roaches add human flesh to their well-balanced diet.

Dr. Hubbard (Terri Treas) gets acquainted with the queen monster roach.



FICTION





GHOST FLIGHT

By D.W. TAYLOR

It started off normally enough. We'd just finished the preflight spiel that nobody but kids, first-timers, and *very* bored people listen to, and were buckling into our own seats for the take-off roll.

"Florida, here we come," sighed Jack, our crew's required good-looking male. "I don't know about 'youse' guys, but New Jersey makes me nervous."

The Miami-Newark-Miami run was no one's favorite. Something about all those vacationers and retirees made you long for a cabin full of quiet, undemanding, easy-to-please businessmen with their heads buried in the *Wall Street Journal.*

I had a different problem though, and it didn't have anything to do with scenic New Jersey: I was scared. Frightened as hell. Each flight had become an exercise in mind over anti-perspirant. Without valium I'd be unemployed, which meant that my 10-year-old Bobby would have to get a job because I sure hadn't seen a penny from that whiskered jerk he called "father" since the divorce a year ago.

I used to picture him rotting away in one of the hotel beds he preferred over ours. One of my favorite fantasies was watching his face as the doctor told him what he'd caught from sleeping with every stew on his flights. Rough stuff, I know. And the sad part is, I was even considering calling him, or, God forbid, my parents, for help in case I had to quit.

But I was trying to hold on, telling myself that I *wasn't* going crazy, that it was all because of this one flight, and now that my request for a transfer had been approved, I'd be all right. I had *had* to be all right. Bobby and my self-respect, about the only worthwhile things I got out of the settlement, didn't give me any other choice.

Something was happening on this plane that I didn't understand, that was beyond my control or anyone else's. And beneath it all was a single memory, a fresh, vivid, you-can-never-stop-thinking-about-it memory of what had put me here in the first place. Lately I had begun to think that memory owned me, more even than I owned myself.

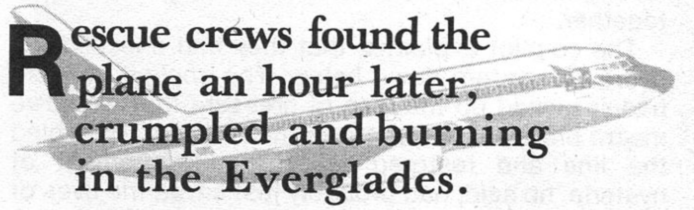
"How'd ya do on the dinner?" asked Leah, our crew's standard-issue former cheerleader and beauty contestant. I suppose I played the non-threatening, middle-aged mother type. You know, the one passengers say, "Would you get me a blanket, please, *Ma'am*" to instead of "please, *Miss.*"

"It'll be close but I think we've got plenty," I said, "unless somebody extra snuck on board."

"Hey, Sue, I almost forgot—your transfer. This might be your last run with us, huh?"

I nodded to Jack without speaking as Captain DeBellis lifted the nose up. Anybody who flies much knows that takeoff and landing are the two critical times. Pilots call it "transition." If anything was going to happen, it'd probably be then. And no matter how many times you've flown, you still respect those two moments.

Especially at night. Two months ago, this same flight, 419, was on final approach to Miami when it dropped off the ground controller's scope. Rescue crews found the plane an hour later, crumpled and burning in the Everglades. The accident report said the crew had put the plane on autopilot while they checked out a problem with the nose gear. They got so involved that they never noticed the altimeter dropping—until it was too late. The last words on the cockpit recorder were Captain Mike Tenrick's when he glanced up and saw the black swamp rushing into his windshield. He said, "Hey, what's happenin' here?" A heartbeat later, the swamp was ablaze with burning jet fuel, debris—and bodies.



Rescue crews found the plane an hour later, crumpled and burning in the Everglades.

That was the memory that wouldn't go away. There had been times since working this flight that I saw every detail of that night in my mind, as if I had been there, as if someone were giving me the images, telling me the story so that I could know it and never forget it, as if they were trying to burn it into my mind like a brand on a cow's behind. Why me?

I remember the first time it happened. It was only two days after the accident and my first time working Flight 419. I was in the galley moving dinner trays from the warmer to the aisle cart. At first I felt just a chill, a shy sort of draft that you get sometimes at altitude. But this was colder. Then I felt it crawling all over me, like someone's cold hands, and realized that I was paralyzed.

The plane dropped suddenly under me, my stomach came up in my mouth, and in my mind I could hear the screams of the passengers, could see them starting to panic, grabbing for the seat backs, diving into the aisle. The fear that is at the back of every passenger's mind had finally come true. It was real—we were going down. We were all going to die.

And I screamed.

I held to the sides of the galley and screamed. I screamed for the burning bodies that I saw, I screamed for the children cut to pieces by the twisted metal, I screamed for the mangled crew who were my friends, and, most of all, for the families who would have to see in their minds, over and over for the rest of their lives, the last moments of agony and terror for their loved ones as the plane dove into that stinking swamp.

And then the voice filled my head like wind breathing in your ears: *Don't let it happen again.*

That's when Jack rushed into the galley just in time to keep me from falling facefirst into the aisle. All the time he was sitting me down, he said I kept mumbling something about, "Brakes, no brakes... can't happen again." I don't remember.

But after I got calmed down, popped a few pills, agreed with everyone that divorce is indeed a ride through hell, and Leah had sworn never, under any circumstances, to make my mistake of marrying an airline pilot, I begged the co-captain, who'd come back to see about me, to please check the plane's brake system. I knew something was wrong. I felt it like I'd never felt anything before. He started to smile condescendingly, but then saw my face—the fear, the belief. He frowned instead and said, "OK, Sue, sure. I promise."

Forty-five minutes later he came back and whispered for me to meet him in the galley. "How did you know?" he asked. Now it was his turn to look scared.

"What's wrong? Is it bad?" I can't describe the feeling I had. It was terror and relief all mixed together.

The co-pilot explained that they had checked the hydraulic system down below. The cockpit sensors hadn't picked up the loss of pressure that would've meant brake failure when we tried to land. They bled the line and restored pressure. My moment of hysteria, he said, had probably just saved the lives of everyone on board. "Sue, how did you know?" he asked again.

I just shook my head and cried. I couldn't tell him that it wasn't me. I couldn't tell him that we weren't the only crew still left on this flight. Most of all, I couldn't admit that one of them had held me in its cold arms.

So, when Jack asked me about my transfer as the plane lifted off for what I hoped was my last time aboard Flight 419, there was a lot more to my simple nod than an affirmation. I was relieved, but I was scared, too—scared of taking off, of the things I had seen and heard on Flight 419 that nobody else had. But relieved that it would soon be over.

Captain DeBellis rang the chime. Leah, Jack and I unbuckled and headed for our stations. This was our busiest time: double-checking the manifest, serving cocktails, getting blankets and, every stew's favorite, emptying air sick bags. One prerequisite of my status as a "Ma'am" was that I got the manifest.

I was halfway down the starboard side when I saw him. He had on the uniform of a Northeastern pilot. No name-tag. I gave him one of my confidential, you're-one-of-us smiles and said, "Good afternoon, Captain. I don't seem to have you on the manifest."

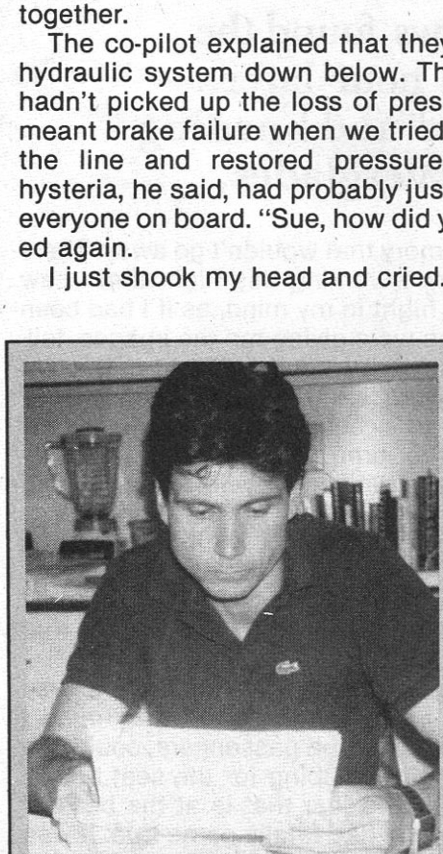
He said nothing, just kept staring straight ahead.

I bent closer to him, trying to speak distinctly over the roar of the engines. "Excuse me, may I have your name, please?"

He turned his head to me slowly, like in a nightmare. He had that off-center stare of blind people. And no expression. His face was utterly lifeless and still. Then he slowly turned to face the front of the plane again.

I just stood there, that same feeling of terror starting to crawl all over me again. I tried to move. My heart pounded in my ears. Finally I turned away and began walking down the aisle. I wanted so much to run, had to force myself to take one step at a time, not to look at any passenger. I couldn't stand anymore, I couldn't face this again, not by myself.

Jack and Leah were in tourist, hustling soft drinks and liquor from the cart. Jack was nearest. As I walked up to him, a voice from some obscure part of my



D.W. Taylor takes us on a "Ghost Flight."

Horror, Taylor-made

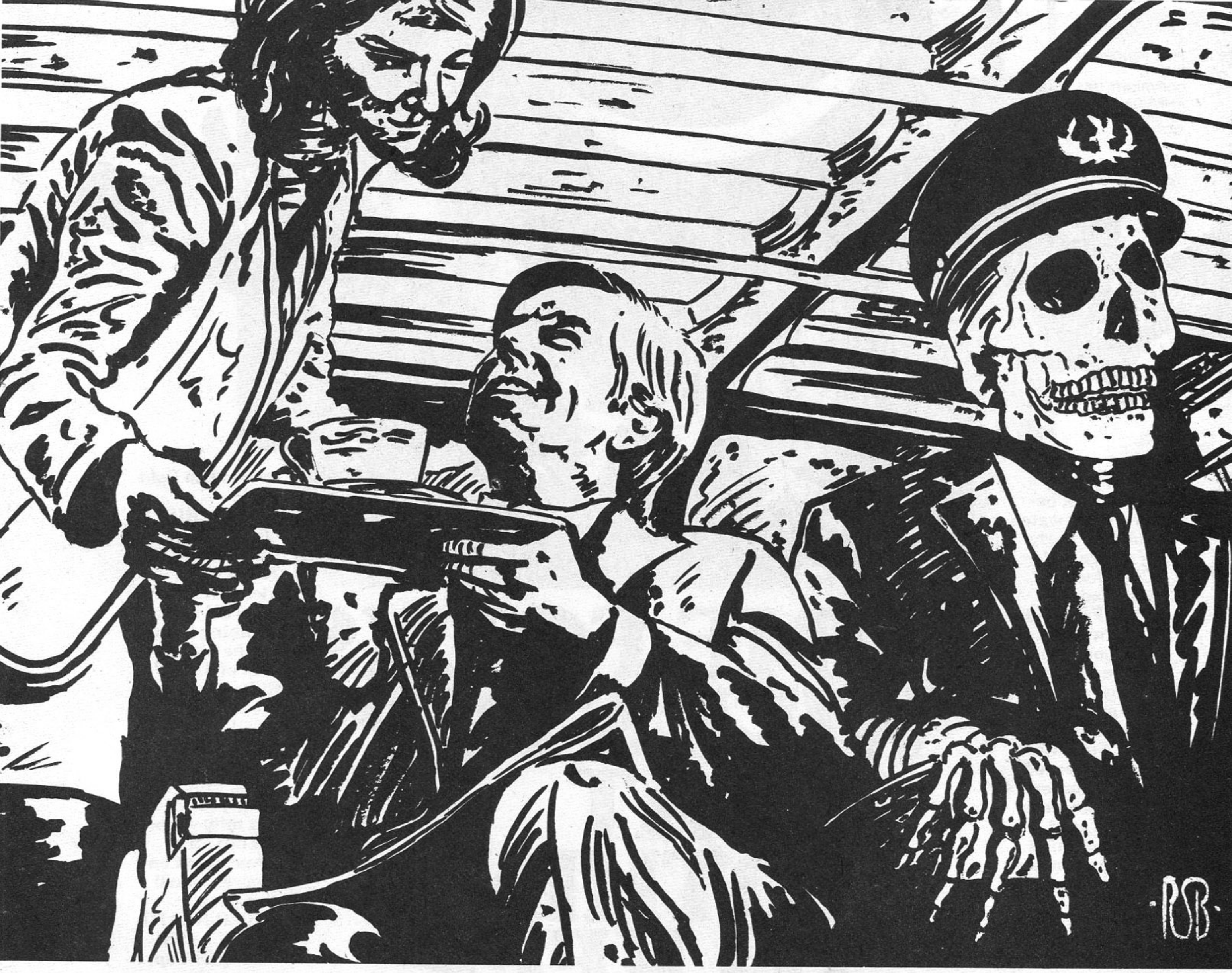
Somewhere in America dwells an English teacher of the sort we all used to imagine we'd find, someday: enthusiastic and real, young and dynamic, eager to share the neat things he has read and gifted at doing so entertainingly. A big brother, really, but not of the oppressive Orwellian variety. Caring, smiley, full of facts but no show-off. The type who doesn't believe for a second that reading isn't meant to be fun, fulfilling, wonderful and exciting.

D.W. Taylor fits that description well. He taught a course in horror fiction to a class at Moravian College in Pennsylvania and brought a gaggle of horror writers and editors to rap with his class. He pens a knowledgeable column about horror for *Horrorstruck* magazine and writes uniquely haunting stories—just like the spooky yarn we are particularly pleased to present in this second issue of GOREZONE.

Scarcely into his writing career but already accepted for publication by *Grue* and England's prestigious *Fantasy Tales*, David Taylor is on the sunswept side of 35, wed to the lovely Diane (who crafts children's stories), and is one of the first four writers I asked to write for my hardcover anthology-in-progress *Masques III*, bound for release by St. Martin's Press.

Grab a handful of courage and a deep breath. Fasten your seat belts, but not too snugly. Locate your stomach distress bag immediately and turn your head *that* way, please. Ask the stewardess if she has a little toddy for the body. And rediscover prayer; it comes in handy when you board the "Ghost Flight."

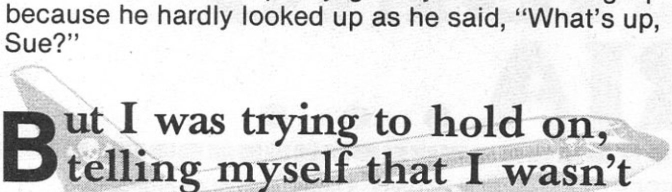
—J.N. Williamson



mind, a last outpost of sanity, said, "Don't let the passengers see." I still don't know whose voice that was. When I opened my mouth I had no idea what was going to come out—words or a scream.

"Jack." I took his arm. "Please, come here for a second."

I must've done a pretty good job of covering up because he hardly looked up as he said, "What's up, Sue?"



But I was trying to hold on, telling myself that I wasn't going crazy . . .

"In first class," I said. "A man. He's just sitting there and he won't talk and he's not on the manifest. I just don't know."

Jack shook his head. "Where do these dildoes come from, huh? They always think they can walk all over a woman. Let's go take a look. Handle this for a second, huh, Leah?" She smiled, automatically.

Back in first class, the man was still totally immobile, sold as ice.

"Howdy, Captain," Jack said as he leaned over to him. "Didn't know they let employees in first class. Must be good buddies with ex-astronauts, huh?"

Nothing. Not a budge. You couldn't even see him breathing. A few passengers, tourists probably, turned and stared. You could see it in their eyes: Psycho? Hijacker? After all, this *was* a flight to Miami. The businessmen didn't even look up, of course.

Jack shook his head, gave his patented "oh-God-why-us-today" look, and tried again. "Look, Captain, I don't know what the game is, but you've got to identify yourself. OK?"

Still nothing.

"Sir, please."

Only the sound of the wind and the engines.

"Last chance, partner, or I'm reporting you to the Captain."

This time the man did his slow turn, stared at and *through* Jack, then slowly nodded his head up and down.

Jack said, "God, he's stoned out of his gourd. Watch him, Sue, I'm gonna get

(continued on page 64)

SAVE 44% OFF
NEWSSTAND PRICE
MORE BLOODY COLOR PAGES

PIT & PENDULUM
PHOTO:
COPYRIGHT 1961
AMERICAN
INTERNATIONAL
PICTURES

SOME FOLKS WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO KEEP YOU FROM READING FANGORIA. . .

Yeah, you've heard it all before: If you watch *Slumber Party of the Zombie Cheerleaders* and read the latest Fango, the Devil will possess your mind and make you plunge your pet canine into the Cuisinart face-first. Sure! So, the Concerned Witch Hunters for Fewer Mutilations start strong-arming your local newsstand owner, and suddenly, you have trouble getting a hold of FANGORIA. What can you do?

Well, you can give up and start reading *Smurf Digest* . . . or you can fight back.

SUBSCRIBE! ONLY $1.99 PER ISSUE! That's right, friend. We'll send you TEN nerve-numbing issues for the pitiful sum of $19.97. Ridiculous, huh? We think so. AND! –

In addition to having Fango safely dropped off at your door in a nifty wrapper by U.S. government employees, you'll also get a SUPER-NEATO FREE CLASSIFIED AD! Yup, you get three lines to tell the world any non-profit, non-obscene scribbling you can dream up!

Send check or money order
(U.S. funds only) to:

FANGORIA
O'QUINN STUDIOS, INC.
475 Park Ave. So.
New York, NY 10016

☐ This is a renewal of my current subscription, and I have enclosed my mailing label along with payment.

☐ **$19.97** (subscription or renewal)
☐ **$27.97** (foreign surface mail rate)
Make checks payable to O'Quinn Studios.

NAME ______________________________

ADDRESS ______________________________

CITY______________ STATE____________ ZIP________

FREE CLASSIFIED LISTING: 3 lines, limit of 45 characters per line. Non-commercial only!

____

____

____

Listings appear in the next available issue where space allows.
Ads generally appear from three to six months *after* arrival in our offices. We can *not* guarantee that your listing will appear in a specific issue (timed to a birthday, etc.).

CAGLIONE & DREXLER'S

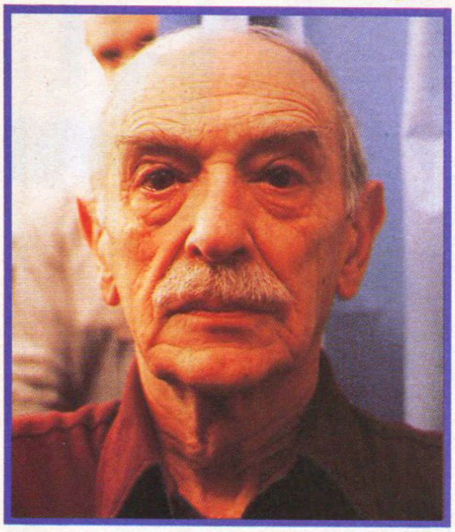
MAKEUP FX LAB

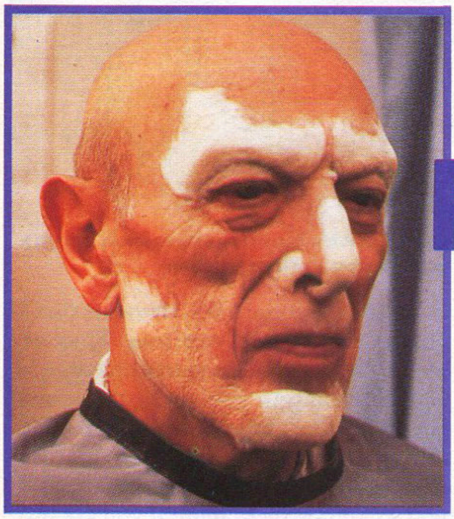
Anatomy of an FX Extravaganza:

POLTERGEIST III

By DOUG DREXLER

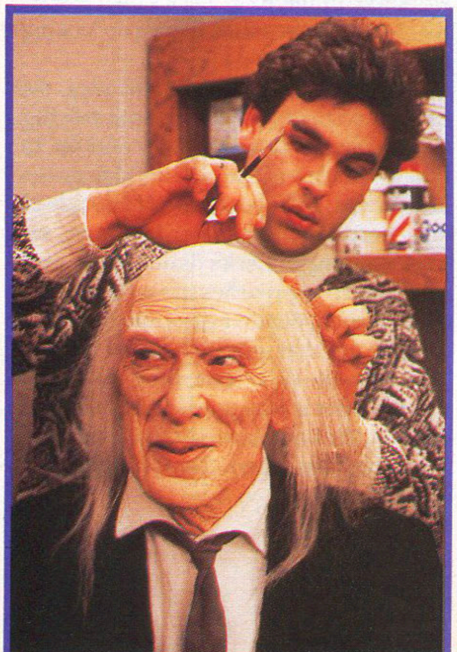
Actor Nate Davis steels himself for facial recontouring.





Eight delicate foam latex pieces and a little dynamic digital dexterity begin the transformation.

Once the appliances are deemed secure and properly blended, a base coat of paint is laid down and details like liver spots and veins laid in. "Invisible" John Caglione adds the wig, and we're almost home free.



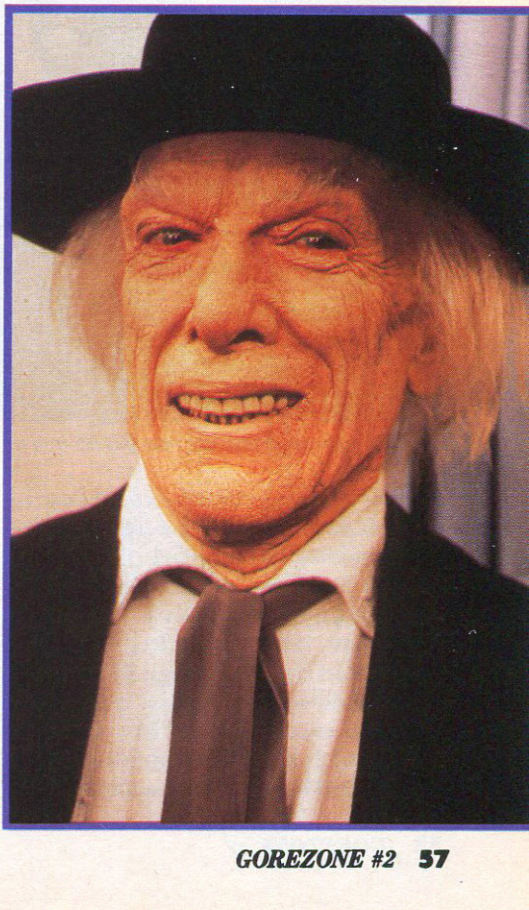
Part One

We were completing our *My Demon Lover* press kit when producer Barry Bernardi called. *Poltergeist III* was on the tarmac and preparing for takeoff. Barry had been involved in many big FX pictures—*Starman*, *The Thing* and *Big Trouble in Little China*—so he knows more than a little about the way things are.

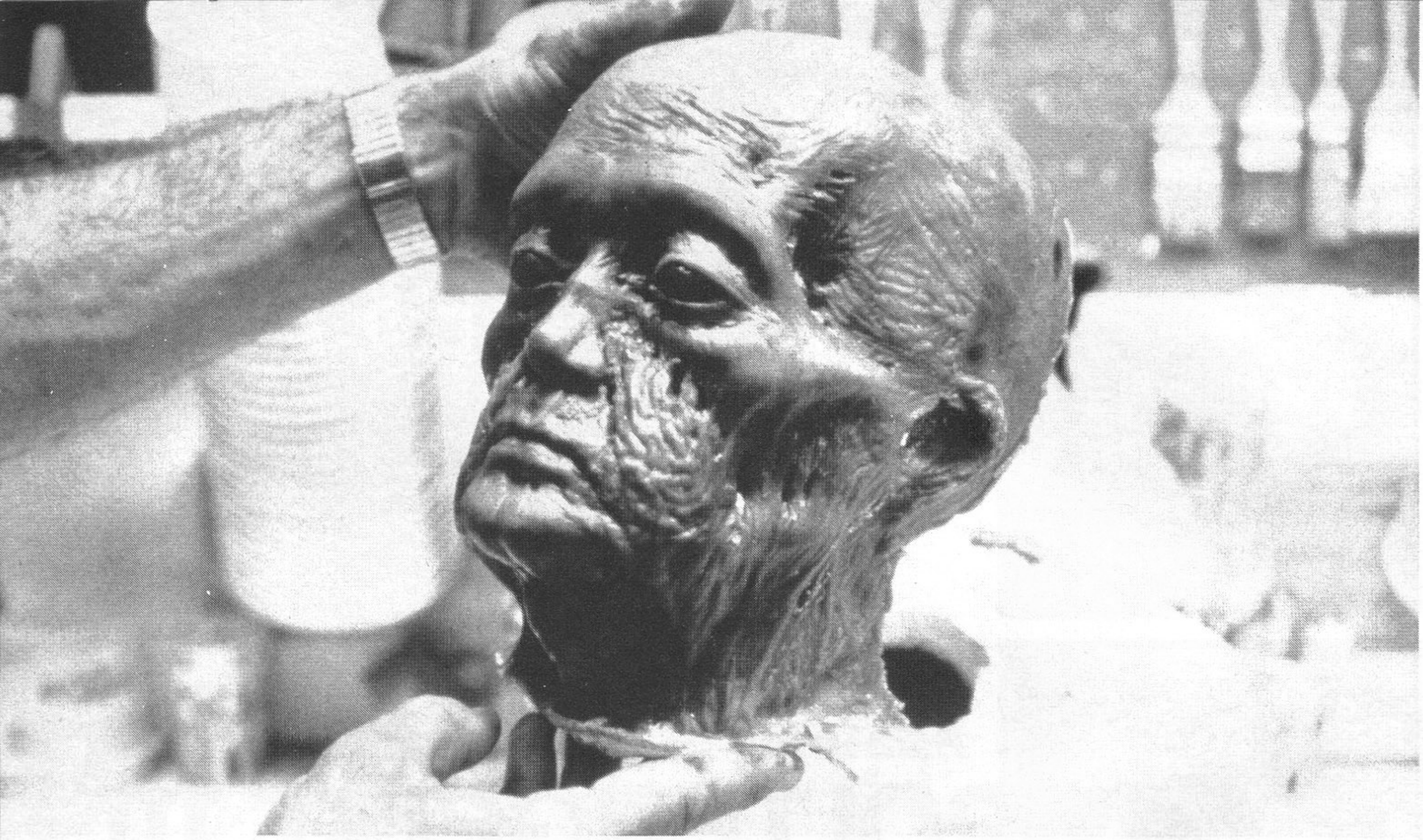
We were enthusiastic and Fed-Exed Barry a reply, which read in part: "Hopefully, by the time you read this, we will have received the script for *Poltergeist III*. As you know, we are extremely interested in this project, hence our package. Enclosed find slides and photos of some of our work, in particular *The Cotton Club*, *Year of the Dragon*, *The Hunger*, *Amityville Horror*, *Zelig*, *F/X*, *Quest For Fire*, *Manhunter*, *Heartburn*, *Making Mr. Right*, *My Demon Lover* and, last but not least, *Starman*. You will be interested in knowing that we have opened a new makeup facility, the first of its kind in the East. No more basements for us. At any rate, we are at your service, and will be back to you with our proposal . . ."

Poltergeist had become a true "repeating phantasm," and even with three hash

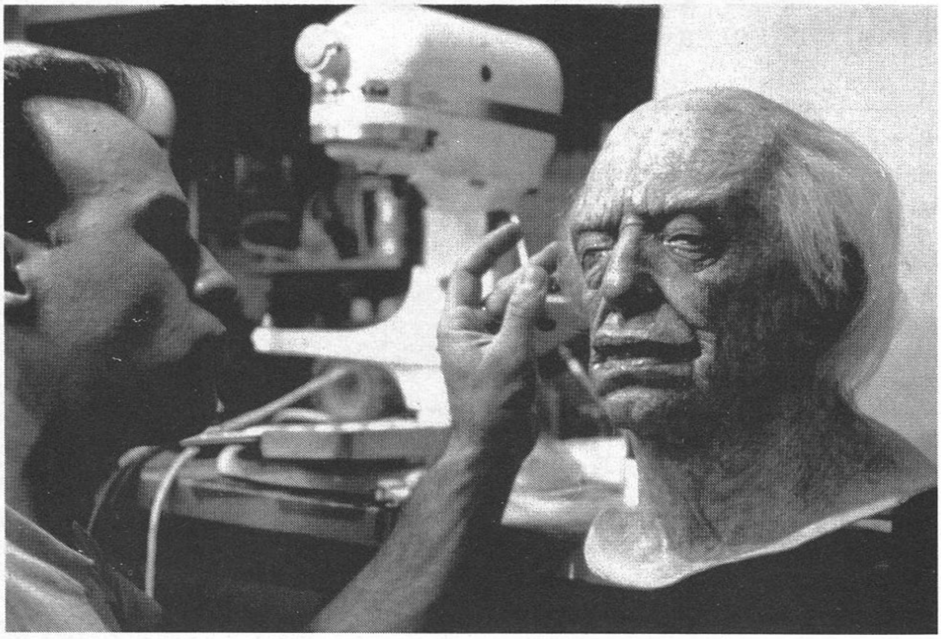
The finished product: eight rubber pieces, contact lenses, dentures, paint and wig. If you see an edge on these appliances, there's something wrong with you.



All Photos: Copyright Caglione & Drexler



Dick Smith's horrific apparition gets no explanation until next issue.



Drexler puts the finishing touches on one of three Kane stunt masks.

marks, it was a prize. We could taste it, but it was a long shot. We were not the only lab bidding for this jewel.

Dick Smith was not interested in getting bogged down in a logistical nightmare, but he could feel how much we wanted the job. "I usually don't do this," he noted, "but for you guys, I will make an exception . . ." My jaw went slack and John's brain melted – Dick volunteered himself as consultant!

Dick Smith lent the weight of his reputation to our endeavor. He bonded our performance, he gave us equity. We got the job. Barry Bernardi knew that hurting Dick's reputation was an idea worse than death to us. This is not to say that we never went overboard or overstepped our bounds; we did. Several times. And this is not to say that Dick didn't have any headaches while working on *Poltergeist III*; he did. Several of 'em.

There are certain key elements that I will not divulge until next issue. Since we are in the business of entertainment, it is self-defeating to give away too much before the film's release. Many of the FX and makeups we devised for the film deserve an element of surprise. I *know* that you will enjoy them more if you are unsuspecting.

Dick contributed mightily to the artwork on the job. If he was intrigued by a particular aspect of something, he was free to jump in. The final transfigurations of Carol Anne grabbed his imagination. It was a concept that had seemed unworkable in the past. Dick's own assessment was, "Impossible, it ends up looking ludicrous."

The more Dick pondered the idea, the more intrigued he became with solving the problem. He asked John and me to knock out a few of Carol Anne's life masks in hydrocal, so he could spend a couple of days experimenting. Two days later, we were standing in Dick's dining room with a half dozen approaches spread across the table. Taking depth measurements of the clay, he got that glint in his eye, and we knew we were on to something. Suffice to say that there is a unique twist here. In my opinion, the final stages of Carol Anne are a prosthetic landmark. Dick Smith strikes again!

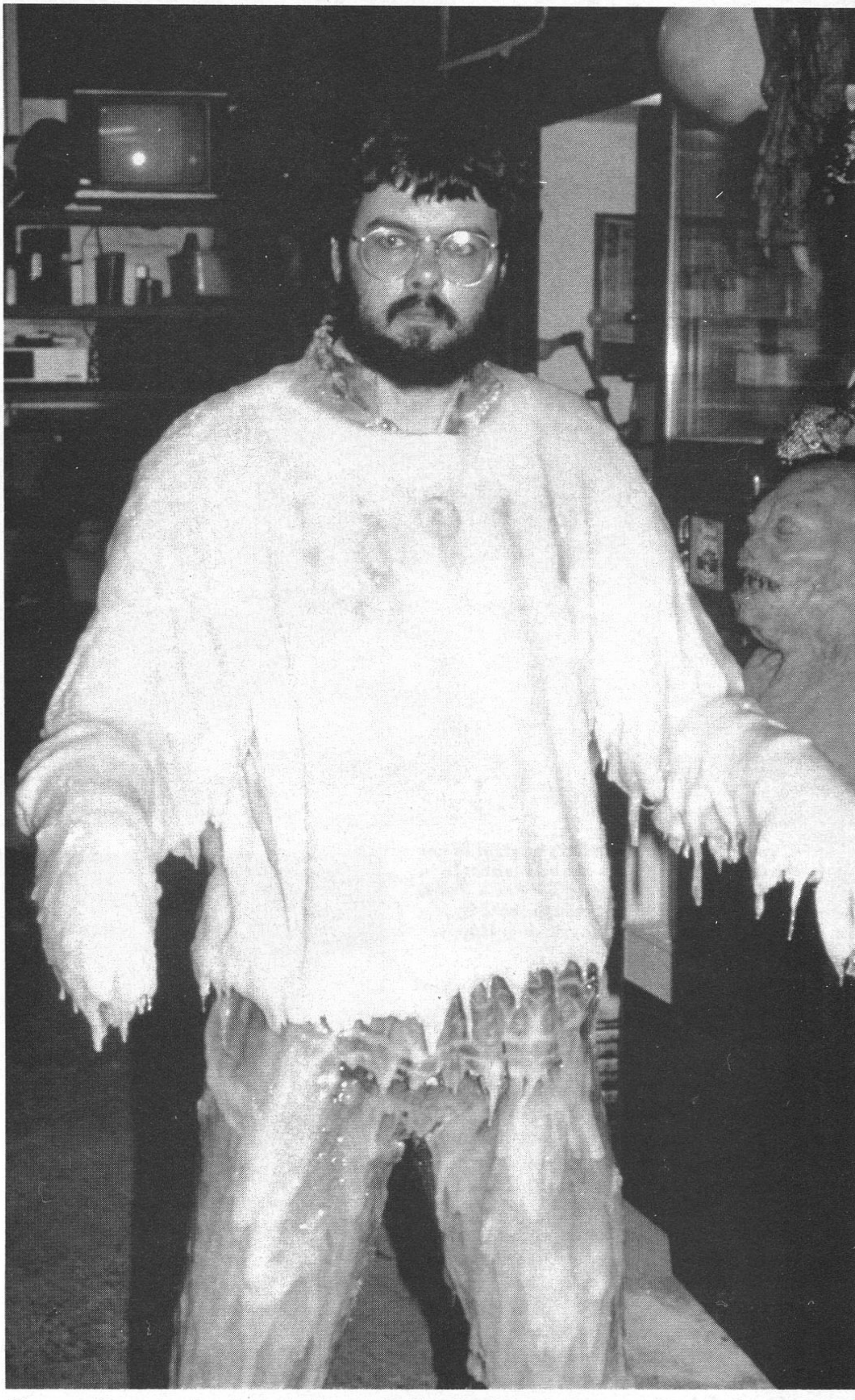
In *Poltergeist III*, Kane is portrayed by grand Chicagoan Nate Davis. As you may recall, Kane was originally played by the late, great Julian Beck. Director Gary Sherman requested that the makeup department bring Nate two steps closer to the ghoulish presence felt in the second film. It would be the task of Dick Smith and John Caglione to prosthetically implement these wishes. Dick blocked out his concept for Kane, handing off to Caglione, who ran deep. Refining and finishing the sculptures, Caglione, with the aid of Drexler, passed the molds. Other team plays included designing lenses with Alice Kaye, creating dentures with Dr. David Selby and hair-work by the famous Bob Kelly.

To complicate things, MGM moved Kane's first appearance up on the shooting schedule. In a mere 10 days, the entire makeup was assembled and John Caglione and I were winging our way to the Windy City, eight delicate foam latex appliances in hand.

We are proud to have assembled one of the most unique and talented of makeup teams. Allow me to interject here—the word that bears repeating is "makeup." The major players on this team are bona fide *makeup men*. They made their bones in the business doing live television, as well as projects showcasing performers in prosthetic makeups that the audience was *not* aware of.

You could do a weekly TV series where at the start of each episode, *The Dick Smith Monster Makeup Handbook* falls into the possession of some new unsuspecting youth who, like Popeye downing a can of spinach, becomes imbued with some sort of superhuman power. Kevin Haney was no exception, a kid from Cincinatti who, while attending Ohio State, did too much makeup and not enough schoolwork. The counselor gave young Kevin an ultimatum: college or makeup. Kevin did what any self-respecting possessed person would do—he quit Ohio State and made makeup everything, working local theater groups.

His turning point was a play called *Tecumseh!*, a dramatic presentation with half a dozen full prosthetic character makeups. Soon, Kevin would be on his way to New York, summoned by the master to work on *Altered States*. Some of his subsequent credits include *The Hunger*, *The Believers* and *LBJ: Lyndon Johnson* on PBS, an incredible makeup. Kevin Haney is a foremost "Invisible," instrumental in the completion of *Poltergeist III*. He built the ice suit and designed the first three stages of Carol Anne. Kevin

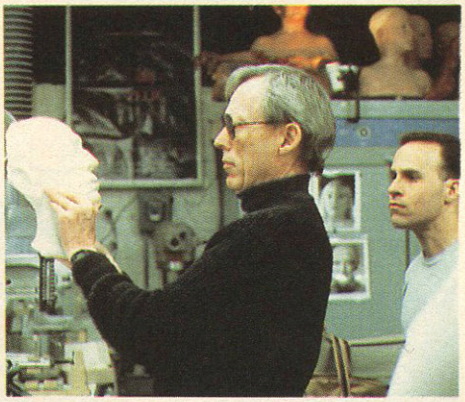


Everyone is wearing them in Paris this year. Fashion fiend Kevin Haney models part of his ice suit for *Poltergeist III*.

You know, it just wouldn't be right to not have at least one bloody shot in a GOREZONE column. Here's John Caglione after being shot in the head by terrorists in a simulated skyjacking. Happy?

Haney and Stephan Dupuis were the key men on the set, a unique and winning team.

I love watching Stephan Dupuis and John Caglione together; there is an ease that only years of friendship in the trenches can achieve. “I remember Stephan drawing Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse with the ease of a Disney animator,” recalls John. “But it was the three-dimensional aspects of makeup that appealed to him. We met on *Scanners*, and it was Stephan who hired me on *Quest For Fire*. I took a leave of absence from NBC to go to Canada, and it changed my life. Stephan and I were both very young and learning. An average day was 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 a.m. It was like *Planet of the Apes*.”



Maestro Dick Smith evaluates Nate's life mask as Doug Drexler looks on.

The final stages of Carol Anne are a prosthetic landmark. Dick Smith strikes again!

Stephan is a globe-trotter and has worked with everyone. Titles like *Enemy Mine* and *RoboCop* fill out his resume. Last year, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences honored Stephan with an Oscar for his work with Chris Walas on *The Fly*. Recently, Chris and Stephan honored John by inviting him to co-design *The Fly 2*. Unfortunately, due to prior commitments, John can't make the gig, but what a rush!

On *Poltergeist III*, Stephan made sure that Kane always looked his ghoulish best, thanks to eight invisible rubber pieces. Makeups like this are few and far between; on horror films, directors usually look for a pizza with all the control rods pulled.

Key lab people included George Engle, whose fine arts sensibilities and expert moldmaking helped keep the job on course. He earned credits on *Altered States*, *My Demon Lover* and *Starman*. Next, Anthony Fredrickson, lab manager of the East Coast's first makeup facility, kept things running smoothly during produc-

That madcap maven of prosthetic malevolence, Stephan Dupuis, adds just a touch of ghoulishness.

tion of *Poltergeist III*. He used his own guts to grease the treads of our tanks, just as he did on *My Demon Lover* and *Making Mr. Right*. Finally, Donna Drexler beat the big bad foam latex monster, whipping it into submission. I have never seen *anyone* consistently run excellent foam latex like Donna; she is the true "Foam Fatale."

Obviously, our goal was to do the best job possible within the time and money restraints. But our true dream was to see Dick Smith involved with a big FX picture without experiencing the headaches normally associated with such endeavors. John would deal with the studio, taking the lumps, standing like David with sling in hand, and I would act as job foreman, tackling the logistics of *Poltergeist III*.

A survey of our responsibilities revealed a wiring trunk of alarming proportions—more than 26 different FX, including five stages of prosthetic makeup for little Carol Anne. Along with coordinating this morass of prosthetic pandemonium came the task of organizing the schedules, selecting methods, ordering materials, supervising and performing moldmaking responsibilities and spearheading research and development.

And then the *real* problems started:

1.) Where were the people to be cast for arm appliances, weren't they promised to us last week?

2.) We were still waiting for Kip Wentz. If the producers were really interested in this ice suit, they'd better beat feet.

3.) If Heather O'Rourke was to play only the first two stages of the proposed transformation, who would be the other three? Some decisions have to be made by the big guys, and it was imperative to have this person *yesterday*. How were we to design this character without the face it's going to be built on?

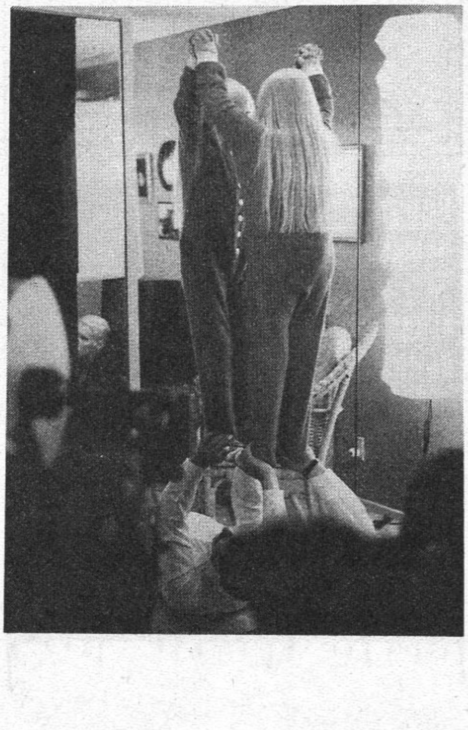
4.) What happened to the concepts we were supposed to get?

5.) Makeup tests are not practical anymore. We were talking a matter of weeks here.

This list represented a fraction of our problems. Every day, the work plan had to be rescrutinized with an eye on actual progress. This included balancing schedule changes on the set with the reality of lab position. Sometimes the production would get ahead of itself, and when the studio moves too fast, it's essential to have someone who is aggressive and projects a strong presence. John is a master of such situations and cannot be bullied. It is due to his tenacity and integrity that the job gets done. We never promised anything we could not deliver. You think that's only common sense? *Ha!* It is a rare commodity in all walks of life, especially so in the motion picture industry. Our adherence to this rule brought the makeup FX of *Poltergeist III* in on time and on budget. And that, boys and ghouls, is the bottom line.

Hopefully, we've just whetted your appetite without spoiling your enjoyment of the movie. Now go see *Poltergeist III*, come back next issue, and we dissect. Be there. Aloha!

Ha! Another one that gets no explanation until next issue! It's bizarre, trust us.



No, you can't be Freddy Krueger...

...but you can come close with this outrageous full-head mask from Don Post Studios! Safe, well-constructed latex Freddy head, plus durable separate hat—so lifelike, you'll be the man of everyone's dreams! **Only $37.99 plus postage.**

CLIP OR COPY

Send cash, check or money order

STARLOG PRESS
475 Park Avenue South
New York, NY 10016

FREDDY MASK and HAT $37.99

Please add $3.50 for each order to cover postage and handling. (Foreign: $10)

Name

Street

City **State** **Zip**

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.
If you don't wish to cut magazine, we accept written orders.

classified massacre

For as little as $15, you can reach over one million horror fans, comprising the largest horror audience in the world.

DEADLINE: For GOREZONE #3—in our office by May 17, 1988
For GOREZONE #4—in our offices by July 18, 1988

BASIC RATE: $5.00 per line (limit: 45 characters per line) MINIMUM—THREE LINES. Punctuation symbols and spaces count as characters. **Small Display ads:** $40 per column inch (Camera-Ready ONLY!)

HEADLINE: First line only—Word(s) of your choice (underline them) will be printed in **BOLD CAPS.**

CATEGORY: Please be sure to indicate the category you want to be listed under.

PAYMENT: Cash, check or money order must accompany ad order. (checks payable to O'Quinn Studios, Inc.)

MAIL TO: **GOREZONE Magazine, Classified** 475 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016

CATALOGS

SELLING JAMES BOND, TV AVENGERS, U.N.C.L.E., Monkees, Dark Shadows, Comic Books, Annette, Lucy, Star Trek, Star Wars, Playboys, Sci-Fi and Monster Mags, Movie and TV Photos, Magazines and Posters, Gum Cards, Books, Catalog $1.50. TV Guide Catalog 1951-1987 $1.50. Howard Rogofsky, Box GZ107, Glen Oaks, NY 11004.

FREE OFFER!!

MOVIE SCRIPTS!

★★GIANT CATALOG★★

NOW AVAILABLE! Scripts from your favorite Sci-Fi & Horror Movies. From **Frankenstein** to **Ghostbusters!** Over ***3000*** amazing titles!!! Send 50¢ (refundable) for a huge catalog...Receive ***FREE*** offer!!! Send to: **SCRIPT CITY,** 1765 N. Highland, #760SL, Hollywood, CA 90028

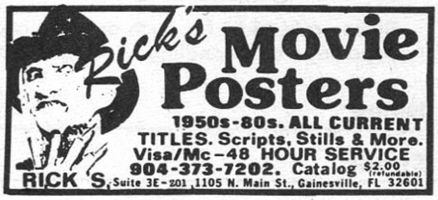
FX MAKE-UP, BLOODS, PROPS, LATEX, PROSTHETICS, Masks, strobelights, and much more. Our new 20 page catalog is here! Send $2.00 (which will be applied to your first order) to Show Time Theatrical, 1351 Beville Rd., Daytona Beach, Florida 32019. 904-756-9849.

HORRIBLY WONDERFUL PROSTHETICS, Props & Masks! Send $1.00 for catalog to: Nightmares, 2615 Waugh Dr., Suite 255, Houston, TX 77006.

MOVIE-TV-MUSIC: WRESTLING MEMORABILIA Bought-sold-traded. Posters, photos, presskits, scripts, books, magazines, trailers, buttons, postcards, much more. Free mini-catalog/newsletter available. Send SASE and want list to: Hollywood Book and Poster Company, 1706 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, CA 90028. (213) 465-8764.

MOVIE POSTERS

GET TACKY. Sci-Fi horror and exploitation movie posters for sale. Send $2.00 for small but sleazy catalog. THE POSTER PIT, RD #3, Box 195, Catawissa, PA 17820.



Rick's Movie Posters

1950s-80s. ALL CURRENT TITLES. Scripts, Stills & More.
Visa/Mc—48 HOUR SERVICE
904-373-7202. Catalog $2.00 (refundable)
RICK'S, Suite 3E-201, 1105 N. Main St., Gainesville, FL 32601

PUBLICATIONS

START YOUR OWN MASK-MAKING CO.! Only $19.95 for manual, from David Ayres Special Make-Up Studio, 204 N. Fraser Dr., E., Mesa, AZ., 85203. More info, send SASE.

MISCELLANEOUS

BRAIN DAMAGE—THE NOVEL: Critically praised novelization by former Fango editor Bob Martin. Copies still available, but going fast. For current price info, send S.A.S.E. to: Broslin Press, P.O. Box 1711, Hoboken, NJ 07030.

O'GORE PRODUCTIONS
Specialist in Low Budget Horror

A High Production Look For A Low Production Cost

Several Screen Plays Ready For Production

Currently Looking for Investors

Our Staff Includes: SPECIAL F/X MASTER
DIRECTOR
MAKEUP ARTIST
SCREENWRITER
CINEMATOGRAPHER

Call (201) 785-4494
Write: 530 Riverside Drive
Wayne, N.J. 07470

HOMICIDAL MANIACS ON A BLOODY RAMPAGE
STARRING
CASH FLAGG
LIZ RENAY
THE THRILL KILLERS

LADY REVIEW

(continued from page 26)

Haas. I was relieved every time he covered his painfully innocent face (and oversized eyes and ears) with a Halloween vampire mask that looked kinda like Grandpa Munster.

Lady in White takes place in 1962 in the small town of Willow Point (mostly shot around Rochester again). Haas, as Frankie, lives with his older brother, self-employed father and old world Italian grandparents. An unseen, grown-up Frankie (now a Stephen King substitute) narrates his childhood adventures. Over the years, 10 kids had been murdered in this town. The ghost of the first victim (a little girl) haunts the elementary school coatroom, her dead mom wanders around looking for her, her aunt is considered a local nut case, and the unknown serial killer is ready to make Frankie #11. I may have mixed up the facts a little; I think it might help if I was Catholic.

As in *Fear No Evil*, literal good (angels) triumphs over evil, but this time the angels are ghosts, too. The murder mystery part is interesting and LaLoggia has picked a great film (and book) to borrow ideas from—*To Kill a Mockingbird*. *Lady in White* has excellent period detail, gorgeous cinematography, and seems like a very sincere effort to make a positive fantasy film, with fine FX by Gene Warren Jr., Ernest Farino and Image Engineering, Inc. Even though Frankie builds Aurora monster models and tapes up pages of *Monsters to Laugh With* magazines on his bedroom walls, I doubt if horror fans will be able to stomach this movie. The adult characters cry—often. *Lady in White* might be better appreciated by your mom or little brothers and sisters.

The best known actor here is Alex (*The Godfather*) Rocco as the dad, which is disappointing in light of his past roles in less uplifting movies—his first credit was in Russ Meyer's great but out of circulation *Motor Psycho*. You can also catch Alex in *Blood Mania*, the killer snake opus *Stanley*, the rapist ghost story *The Entity* and the recent *Return to Horror High*. My favorite member of the cast is Katherine Helmond. If you've ever seen her on *Soap* or in *Brazil*, you know how funny she can be; she's completely wasted here as the nearly catatonic aunt.

I still hope LaLoggia makes more movies, but maybe he could use a little outside help with his next script.

THE ART & TECHNIQUE OF SPECIAL MAKE-UP EFFECTS
BIZARRO!
TOM SAVINI
STEPHEN KING
The Complete NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD Filmbook
by John Russo
Preface by George A. Romero
DICK SMITH'S Do-It-Yourself MONSTER MAKE-UP HANDBOOK
Introduction by Rick Baker
How to Operate a Financially Successful HAUNTED HOUSE
EROTICISM IN THE FANTASY CINEMA
by Bill George
FORREST J ACKERMAN, FAMOUS MONSTER OF FILMLAND
BEST BOOK EVER!
Introduction by VINCENT PRICE
COLLECTOR'S EDITION
VOODOO DAWN by John Russo
THE COLLECTOR'S GUIDE TO MONSTER, SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY FILM MAGAZINES
by Bob Michelucci
DRIVE-IN MADNESS! The Video
THE MOST FUN YOU'LL EVER HAVE IN THE BACKSEAT OF YOUR LIVING ROOM! AND NOW OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION
Certificate of Authenticity
The Dracula Soil Pendant was created in a limited edition of 5,000—of which this is number
NOW A MAJOR FILM
RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD
JOHN RUSSO
John Russo
NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD
35
THEY WON'T STAY DEAD!
NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

GOTCHA! IMAGINE, INC.

BEST IN SF, FANTASY & HORROR

STARLOG PRESS 475 Park Ave. South New York, NY 10016

O.K., I've enclosed $ ________ which includes postage charges (see chart). Please send me the following items:

POSTAGE CHART	
1-2 ITEMS	$2.50
3-5 ITEMS	$5.00
6+ ITEMS	$6.50

- ____ BIZARRO $9.95
- ____ EROTICISM IN THE FANTASY CINEMA $14.95
- ____ COMPLETE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD FILMBOOK $9.95
- ____ DICK SMITH'S MONSTER MAKE-UP HANDBOOK $9.95
- ____ VOODOO DAWN (softcover $9.95)
- ____ VOODOO DAWN (hardcover $14.95)
- ____ VOODOO DAWN (signed & numbered softcover $14.95)
- ____ VOODOO DAWN (signed & numbered hardcover $25.00)
- ____ RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD $5.00
- ____ Forrest J Ackerman FAMOUS MONSTER OF FILMLAND $10.95
- ____ COLLECTOR'S GUIDE TO MONSTER MAGAZINES $9.95
- ____ HOW TO OPERATE A SUCCESSFUL HAUNTED HOUSE $9.95
- ____ DRIVE-IN MADNESS, THE VIDEO (VHS only) $39.95
- ____ NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD GUM CARDS $9.95
- ____ NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD GUM CARDS (autographed) $25.00
- ____ NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD GUM CARD PRESS SHEET (autographed) $50.00
- ____ DRACULA DIRT PENDANT $9.95

NAME ________________________________

ADDRESS ________________________________

CITY ______________ STATE ________ ZIP ________

ALLOW 4 to 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY. Please Print

I prefer to charge my order to my
☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA

Account # ________________________________

Interbank # ____________ Expiration ____________

Signature ________________________________

JASON

(continued from page 21)

one guy's head was real good," he enthuses with a laugh. "That's all I'll say about that. Then there's another guy who's out in the woods carrying an armload of wood, and all of a sudden he ends up with a third arm. And watch for the party horn—there's a plastic party horn in the film, and an interesting way of inserting it into someone's head. I also use a gasoline-powered garden tool in a unique way. There are so many of 'em; I always like working with MMI because they're real good at what they do."

One of the death scenes, Hodder reveals, ended up the way it did by accident rather than by design. "There was one of the kills in which I take a girl in her sleeping bag and slam her against a tree. We had a dummy in the sleeping bag for some of the shots, and then, when we were going to have blood start seeping through the bag, we put a different dummy in there with blood on it, so that when I started hitting the tree, the blood would start coming through the sleeping bag. I didn't realize, nor did anyone else, that the extra stuff inside and the way the blood settles in the end of the bag would make it weigh twice as much. I was used to slamming this certain weight powerfully against the tree, and then all of a sudden I pick this thing up and it feels like a real person, and I couldn't wield it very well. I was off-balance and trying to look powerful, slamming this thing and getting frustrated at the same time. I ended up getting *really* frustrated and slamming the thing down on the ground and kicking it, just because I was mad that it wasn't working the way it was supposed to. That's the shot they ended up using. It looks so angry because I actually was."

In addition to the crew at MMI, costar Lar Park Lincoln gets especially high marks from Hodder. "She just did a great job," he maintains. "Her character is constantly hysterical, and that's hard to keep up. But she did it real well. She is going to get some good response to this."

And what about Hodder himself? Perhaps his portrayal of Jason will lead the stuntman to other acting parts as well? It's possible that it could even lead him to something that has never happened before: an assignment as Jason in the next *Friday the 13th*, making him the first actor to ever repeat the role. Would Hodder be interested?

"You bet," he smiles. "You bet I would."

NEST

(continued from page 51)

Cormans needed a director for the buggy saga, he advised Winkless to go for it, and Winkless found himself attaining every scriptwriter's dream: directing his first feature. He describes the experience as "my greatest fantasy and my worst nightmare. The scariest thing about it was that, to a certain extent, I could predict what the actors would do, what the cameraman would do and what the editors would do, but you couldn't at all predict what the bugs were going to do. For a first-time director, having this great unknown factor was a thrill.

"Actually, that was more humorous than anything else," Winkless continues. "I was constantly shouting, 'More bugs! More bugs!' Of course, there were never enough bugs, and they were always escaping. I kept stooping down and picking them up, and I'd get pissed off finally and start stepping on them because I was angry that they were getting away. Then I would stop and think, 'My God, I'm stepping on my stars!' "

As the movie's roaches continue to mutate, they begin to genetically combine with the creatures they eat, resulting in a number of grotesque hybrids. FX man Cary Howe was responsible for creating the monsters, including a feline roach creature and a man transformed into a humanoid insect. There's also a giant roach/human "queen" that is faced down by the sheriff and the mayor's daughter (*Phobia*'s Lisa Langlois) in the finale.

Originally, this last monster was to have lurked in the shadows, but Winkless found Howe's work impressive enough to bring it out into the light. "Cary had put an arm on it that would move, and the producers said, 'Gee, that's terrific, can you put another arm there, and there, and over there?' So they kept adding appendages. It was all for the same money, so Cary had his work cut out for him. But it worked out great."

The Nest is currently creeping across the country in regional release; it should hit California in early or mid-May. In the meantime, Winkless is busy developing other projects at Concorde, including a script he's writing for Davies. He's also working on another screenplay that he prefers not to discuss: "I don't think it should be in print till I write it." Whatever Winkless' next release, *The Nest* will stand as a most efficient debut into the world of horror filmmaking.

FICTION

(continued from page 55)

Captain DeBellis."

A couple of businessmen snickered, still without looking up from their calculators and magazines. One salesman-type in head-to-toe polyester said out of the side of his mouth to the guy next to him, but just loud enough so I could hear it, "He must be on *autopilot*." Snicker, snicker. It was another great day for Northeastern's plummeting reputation, but I really didn't give a damn.

The flight deck door opened and Captain DeBellis started making his way down the aisle, smiling and greeting everyone. When one old lady asked him if something was wrong, he gave his good ol' boy grin and added, "Nope, just seeing how you folks are gettin' along."

The grin was gone by the time he got back to me. "Where's our mystery guest, Sue?"

I nodded down to the seat. Captain DeBellis began to lean over, then he froze. I've never seen the color drain from a man's face like that—instantaneously. "My God, it can't be," he said, his voice barely under control. "It's Mike Tenrick."

And then, in an instant that is seared forever into my mind, the *thing* that was sitting there looked up at the captain and began to mouth one word, slowly, soundlessly, over and over, *Fire. Fire. Fire.*

Then he was gone. Vanished. The only thing left was a hollow of coldness in a seat that looked very, very empty. We all just stared. Even the businessmen this time.

It was only about 20 minutes after that, Captain DeBellis told us later, that the starboard engine began overheating. He shut it down quickly before anything could happen. None of the passengers even knew about it. He said the crew had been able to act so quickly for one reason only: They had been sitting there watching the temperatures gauges, prepared for it to happen.

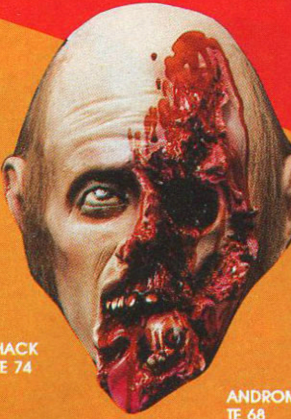
It was clear that the lost crew of 419 was never going to let another accident occur on their flight. It was also clear that they weren't communicating with just me anymore.

That night in the lounge, after Captain DeBellis told us what had happened with the engines, Jack said kiddingly, "So, Sue, you can't leave us now. We've got the safest flight in the skies!"

Nobody laughed. I took my transfer.

the stuff Nightmares are made of. . . .

SCREAMER
TE 89



HACK
TE 74

ANDROMEDA
TE 68

ADULT
STINKY
TE 93

"As seen on Johnny Carson's The Tonite Show".

Not for the squeemish —
or weak-hearted.
This hearty array of manufactured mayhem can
be delivered right to your door!
(if you can bear to open it.)

BabyStinky NA 37

The hand-held puppet that comes to life in your arms. This snot-nosed tot will warm hearts and turn stomachs.

Complete with foam filled head, roughly gowned, blanket and snot.

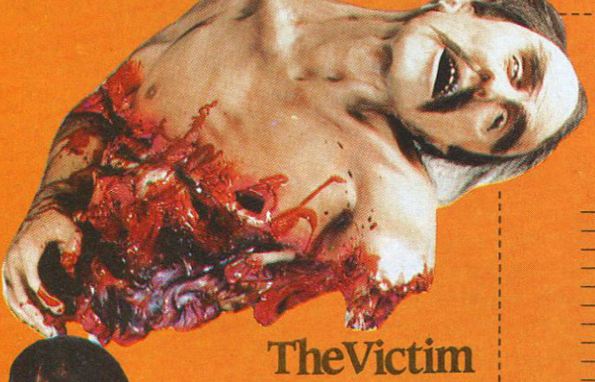
* SYNGENOR
TE 103

BLASTED TE 83

ROTTED
VAMPIRE
TE 90

DEATH TE 81

ZOMBIE
TE 64



TheVictim

This large prop is movie quality and the most gut wrenching sight you'll ever see. Un-nervingly realistic. Extreme attention to detail on both front and back.

VA 95

Nightmares

Send cash, check or money order to:
STARLOG PRESS
475 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10016

If you don't want to cut out coupon, we will accept written orders.

Please indicate quantity of each item being ordered and add $3.50 per item to cover postage and handling. (Foreign: $10.00)

_____ TE89 SCREAMER $27.75
_____ TE74 HACK $27.75
_____ TE68 ANDROMEDA $64.00
_____ TE93 ADULT STINKY $27.75
_____ NA37 BABY STINKY $27.00
_____ TE103 SYNGENOR $75.00
_____ TE83 BLASTED $64.00
_____ TE90 ROTTED VAMPIRE $64.00
_____ TE81 DEATH $64.00
_____ TE64 ZOMBIE $53.00
_____ *VA95 THE VICTIM $500.00

_____ JA48 BRAIN $7.00
_____ JA47 HEART $7.30
_____ FA06 CUT THROAT $13.00
(NOT ILLUSTRATED)
_____ VA97 BLOOD DRIPS $7.00
_____ FA75 CUT-OFF EAR $5.00
_____ FA77 BLOODY EYE $5.00
_____ JA49 SQUISHED DEAD RAT $6.60
_____ JA56 GUTS $19.00
_____ FA66 CHEST WOUND $5.00
_____ FA65 COMPOUND FRACTURE $5.20

NAME ______________________________

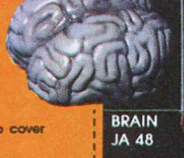
STREET ______________________________

CITY ______________________________

STATE ____________________ ZIP __________

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

* Domestic orders only on the Victim.



BRAIN
JA 48

HEART
JA 47

CUT THROAT FA 06

*SYNGENOR ©Scared To Death, Bill Malone Productions

FUTURE SHOCK

And boy, do we mean *shock*! There's no other mag on the stands quite like GOREZONE, and we aim to keep it that way. How, you ask?

With articles like our profile on *Fright Night* director Tom Holland, who talks about his new killer toy tale CHILD'S PLAY. How will it differ from other murderous doll flicks? Has recreational technology advanced to the point where this topic is no longer strictly fantasy? Most of all, what is former vampire Chris Sarandon doing in this picture? GOREZONE's the place to find out.

And that's not all. We'll give you the lowdown on Don Coscarelli's long-awaited PHANTASM II, a sequel that has hippie teen pic experts and metal spike sphere fans alike drooling with anticipation. Then, there's the remake of THE BLOB, featuring the FX wizardry of Lyle Conway. What, no Steve McQueen? No fire extinguishers?

We've got an exclusive MONKEY SHINES set attack by famed macabre scribes John Skipp & Craig Spector, crammed full of forensic pathology texts and simian libido. We've got *Halloween III* director Tommy Lee Wallace delivering the scoop on FRIGHT NIGHT—PART 2, his return to the silver screen.

Of course, we're also packing in reviews of the summer's hottest splatter, columns to keep true gorehounds informed and on their toes, plus the second part of Caglione and Drexler's POLTERGEIST III report.

You call yourself a high-voltage horror fan? Then be where the power is with GOREZONE #3!

ON SALE: JULY 5

STAR TREK IV THE VOYAGE HOME
STAR TREK III THE SEARCH FOR SPOCK
SUPERMAN III POSTER MAGAZINE
SPACEBALLS THE MAGAZINE
OVER THE TOP
RAMBO FIRST BLOOD PART II
THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS
MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE
STAR TREK OFFICIAL MOVIE SPECIAL
ROCKY III
ROCKY IV
THE UNTOUCHABLES
SUPERMAN IV THE QUEST FOR PEACE
ALIENS

Relive your favorite films

OFFICIAL POSTER MAGAZINES contain 10 foldout posters, each measuring 16" x' 22"–plus complete stories of the films, biographies of the stars and rare photos!

OFFICIAL POSTER BOOKS unfold to make a giant 22' x 33" poster in full color. On the flip side are articles, biographies and additional color photos.

OFFICIAL MOVIE MAGAZINES are packed with interviews, articles, behind-the-scenes information–plus dozens of color photos! 64 pages!

SPECIAL COMBO BOOK PACKAGE! 48 pages of stories–plus 8 giant posters! All color! A super value!

Clip or Copy

SPECIAL COMBO BOOK PACKAGE

- ☐ *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home* $5.95
- ☐ *Aliens* $5.95
- ☐ *Rocky IV* $4.95

POSTER BOOKS

- ☐ *Rocky II* $1.50
- ☐ *High Road to China* $1.95
- ☐ *SF Superheroes* $1.50
- ☐ *TV Superheroes & SPACE FANTASY* $1.50
- ☐ *Joanie Loves Chachi* $1.95
- ☐ *Fame* $1.95
- ☐ *Annie* $1.75

POSTER MAGAZINES

- ☐ *Superman IV: Quest for Peace* $3.50
- ☐ *Living Daylights* $3.50
- ☐ *Spaceballs*$3.50
- ☐ *Masters of the Universe* $3.50
- ☐ *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home* $3.50
- ☐ *Superman III* $3.00
- ☐ *Star Trek III: Search for Spock* $3.00
- ☐ *Conan the Destroyer* $3.00
- ☐ *Rocky IV* $3.50
- ☐ *Rambo* $3.50
- ☐ *Over the Top* $3.50

MOVIE MAGAZINES

- ☐ *The Untouchables* $3.95
- ☐ *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home* $3.95
- ☐ *Rocky IV* $3.95
- ☐ *Explorers* $3.95
- ☐ *Star Trek III: Search for Spock* $3.50
- ☐ *Star Trek II: Wrath of Khan* $3.50
- ☐ *Rocky III* $3.00
- ☐ *High Road to China* $3.50
- ☐ *Staying Alive* $3.00
- ☐ *Annie* $2.95

STARLOG PRESS
475 Park Avenue South
New York, NY 10016

Send cash, check or money order!

Please add postage and handling charge for each publication ordered. Movie, Poster or Combo Magazine—$1.50; Poster Book—$1.00

NAME ______________________
STREET ______________________
CITY ______________________
STATE ____________ **ZIP** ____________

If you do not want to cut out coupon, we will accept written orders.

Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

SCREAMIN' T-SHIRTS

If we don't sell 8 million of these deluxe T-shirts, Leatherface will call Fango editor Tony Timpone HOME. . .

That's right, old Tony gets sent to Texas, where he'll be the main ingredient in the Chainsaw Family's "New York Deli-style" entry at the Texas/O.U. Chili Cook-off.

See, someone here in our financial department struck up an exclusive deal so we can use Tony's flesh as collateral to guarantee that we'll sell all 8 million of 'em. (And you thought Oral Roberts had problems!)

That's because we know we have the serious devotion of our readership behind us, and plus these Screamin' T-shirts are way cool! Not only do they feature your favorite Black & Decker operator in full color on 100% heavy-duty cotton, the dynamic "Puff Print" design gives you that gruesome 3-D effect. How adorable—it's like having the gore highlighted on your gut!

THE FLY
THE FLY

THE FLY

TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE 2

COLLECTOR ITEMS

EVIL DEAD 2

THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE PART 2

We're also offering a stunning commemorative Screamin' T-shirt for Cronenberg's *The Fly*, plus two different versions of *Evil Dead 2:* style A, with the eye-popping skull shot from the film's newspaper ads, and style B, with Ash in action swinging his trusty shovel. They all have "Puff Print" on the movie logos, and they all help keep Tony out of the meatgrinder.

So do yourself a double favor. Get a great, durable Screamin' T-shirt, and keep your favorite mag from being editorless.

***Only $11.95* + postage.**

(EVIL DEAD shirts not shown)

Clip or Copy

STARLOG PRESS
475 PARK AVENUE SOUTH
NEW YORK, NY 10016

Send cash, check or money order.

SCREAMIN' T-SHIRTS

Help! Pleuse! Send me quick my Screamin' T-Shirt—or else! I have enclosed $11.95 plus $2.95 to cover postage and handling ($4, Foreign) for each shirt ordered. In box, please indicate quantity of each shirt being ordered.

☐ **Small** ☐ **Medium** ☐ **Large**
☐ **THE FLY**
☐ **TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE**
☐ **EVIL DEAD 2 (Style A)**
☐ **EVIL DEAD 2 (Style B)**

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE ZIP

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.